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TOO LATE.

BY A. E. W.

The clear sunlight lay rich and warm
  On the meadows green and fair;
And the wild bird's song rang loud and high
  Through the morning's dewy air.

Over the meadow brook I leaned,
  Watching its merry fall;
And over the little bridge she came,
  My love, my darling of all.

"Now, heart," I said, "be brave and bold,
  And hush your wild, wild beating;
Now faltering lips be quick," I said,
  "To give her love's own greeting;

"To tell her all the deep, deep love
  That never will let me rest.
To tell her the terrible doubts and fears
  That rankle in my breast."

But, oh, when she stood beside me,
  So daintily sweet and fair,
With the deep wood's violet blue in her eyes,
  And the chestnut's brown in her hair,

My stammering lips refused to speak,
  My coward eyes looked away;
And over the meadows she went and took
  All the brightness of the day.

The brightness of my life she took
  For ever and ever away;
For in all the springs that the slow years bring,
  Will never come back that day.

The wild birds sing loud and high,
  And the meadow grasses wave,
And the sunlight still is rich and warm,
  But shines, ah, me! on her grave.

UNDER WILD SKIES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BENEATH THE SEA."

THE STORY.

CHAPTER I.

THE BELLA DONNA.

UPON the deck of the *Bella Donna*, a smart sailing, handsome-looking schooner, off Gravesend.

It is a busy time on board, for the hatches are off, the hold is open, and there is a lighter alongside, out of which, by means of blocks and pulleys, the sailors are busily hoisting up a number of heavy kegs and cases, one and all strongly bound with iron, and branded with strange letters and numbers. These numbers, as the packages are hoisted on deck, the captain carefully transfers to a book he has in hand, and then the case or keg is lowered down into the hold.

It is a bright sunshiny scene: the water glistens; the distant country looks green; great crafts are coming up with the tide, homeward bound; and close by the pretty, newly-painted schooner swings at her moorings a prim-looking Prussian frigate, over whose bulwarks can be seen broad faced fair men, with blue muffin-topped caps upon their heads; while one who stands high has his waist pinched in till he looks like a blue wasp training for the sea.

There is a smart look about the skipper of the schooner, who evidently aims a little at the yachting style. He has none of the rough salt about him whatever. His face is not hairy and tanned, nor flushed with rum potations; neither are his hands horny nor stained with tar, but clean and white, and well kept about the nails.

Lastly, to come to what perhaps should have been taken first—his face. He is a keen, well preserved, young looking man, of four or five and forty; light and active, but showing age in a few clear-cut marks about the corners of his mouth and temples, and in the gray strands in his well-trimmed whiskers, and closely-cut, carefully brushed hair.

To sum up, you say—Ah, our old friend Barker, well-preserved, prosperous, and not improved.

He was busy, though, and smartly giving orders to the men who hauled and toiled, and "ye-ho"ed and heaved and sang as they hauled case or keg on board, and then lowered it; whilst about the shiniest darkey that ever made a large smile, sat Pollo, in his clean, white duck shirt and trousers, cross-legged on a big bale, looking on and smoking composedly.

"Be careful below there," said Barker, now addressed and spoken of by all as "captain;" and as he spoke he took hold of a rope, leaned over and looked down into the dark hold. "Stow them close; right up to the cabin bulkhead,"

"Ay, ay, sir," came from below.

"Is the carpenter below?" said Barker.

"Ay, ay, sir," from below.

"Now then, my lads, be careful, look alive and finish. I want those all down out of sight. A tot of rum round when you've done."

"Right you are, sir," cried a sailor; and the men heaved away with renewed energy.

"Eighty-one B X B," muttered Barker, as another case swung over the hold; and he entered the numbers. "Down with it, my lads. How many more?" he said, walking to the side.

"Only ten, sir," said a man in the barge made fast to the schooner, and off whose side the swift running tide washed iridescent tints, as the hot sun softened the gas-tar with which it was coated.

"Heave away, my lads," said Barker; and up came another and another, till the last swung up over the side, was thrust to the hold, and being suspended, the heaviest of the consignment; then it was lowered down, disappearing into the gloom below, as, its numbered being entered, the captain drew a line across the page of his memorandum book. The sailors wiped their hands, and a quiet meaning wink went round; while Pollo on the bale shone more than ever, hatless in the sunshine, as he grinned, showed his white teeth, and emitted a volume of smoke

"Hallo, who's that smoking?" said Barker sharply. "Oh, you."

He stood looking thoughtfully at the grinning black for a moment, as if considering whether he should look upon it as a breach of discipline, and then passed it over.

"Now, then, behind time," he said; "nail up that bulkhead, carpenter, and then let these bales go down."

He pointed to the one upon which the black was seated, and to a dozen more about the deck.

"Ay, ay, sir," cried the men. "Like us to have the tot round first, sir," said one.

"When you've done," said Barker, smiling. Then going to the mouth of the hold, he shouted—

"Oakum, Franks."

"Ay, ay, sir," came from below, in a voice of thunder.

"Stop below. See this bulkhead well nailed up; then stow these bales. Then you can get the hatches and tarpaulin over, and nail all down snug."

"Ay, ay, sir," came again from below; and Barker walked aft into the handsomely-fitted cabin, to come out, though, at intervals while the sound of hammering went on, evidently keeping a strict watch on his men till the last stroke of the hammer was heard; when he came once more on deck, swung himself into the hold, remained there a few minutes, till apparently satisfied with the safety of the cases, when he returned on deck.

A very short time sufficed for the landing of the big bales of cotton goods, which were stowed against the bulkhead, and thoroughly filled the empty space. Then the hatches were replaced, a thick tarpaulin dragged over all and neatly nailed down—evidently to the satisfaction of the black, who had now transferred his shiny, piebald person to the top of a cask, upon which he was perched.

The captain gave a sigh of satisfaction as the last nail was driven in; and five minutes after he was lolling on a settee under the cabin window, smoking a choice cigar.

There were two men who followed the carpenter on deck and helped and superintended the battening down of the hatches; one was a sturdy, mahogany faced sailor, rugged, tanned, chipped, and rusted, but with a pair of bright, gray eyes shining from under his shaggy brows; the other, a frank, handsome, Saxon-looking young fellow, whose face was burned by exposure to a red brown. Like those of their companions, their arms, bared above the elbow, were brown, and knotted with great muscles, only in the younger man they were round and firmer, while those of the elder were hard and gnarled.

"Strange and hot down there, m' lads," said the elder sailor, sopping the perspiration off his face—no easy job, for the drops had dodged into the cracks and lines, of which there were as many as in a walnut shell.

"Hot, indeed," said the younger sailor. "Ha, that's pleasant," he exclaimed, drawing in a long breath of the soft breeze floating by.

"Rum's pleasanter with or without," growled the other. "How long's he goin' to be wi' them tots? Hallo," he exclaimed, as his eyes fell upon the black perched on the top of the cask; "why, you black-looking ornament, what are you doing there? Taking your ease?"

"Doin' nuffum, Mass' Oakum, sah—I do nuffum at all. Iyah, iyah, yah!" and he burst into a hoarse laugh.

"While we're stifling down below, and working our arms off," cried the old sailor, gruffly. "Who's the slave now?"

"Nobody, Massa Oakum, sah. 'Mancipation come to pass, and slavery all done away wid for eber and eber. De cook, sah, hab done him work, and he do um smoke and look on while your jolly sailor boy clap de gold and silber down below."

"Who told you it was gold and silver, Pollo?" said the sailor.

"Yah, yah, yah!" chuckled the negro. "I hear de capen talk 'bout um to de genlum, an' so I know all 'bout um. Yes, sah, berry precious freight on board. Dem case all ob gold, and, sah, box and barrel ob money, sah; tousands an' tousands ob pouns; and we take um all out to Spain."

"Well, look here, Pollo—if you'll take my advice," said Franks, quietly, "you'll hold your tongue and say nothing about it."

The black ruffled up and showed his dignity, as he exclaimed—

"Dis chile, say, know what bess for him to do, sah. I tank you, sah; you mean berry well, sah, no doubt; but um gold an' silber all de same, ain't um, boys?"

"Yes, to be sure it is," said one of the sailors.

"Dere, messmate, Sam Oakum, I told you so," chuckled the black.

"You confounded nigger, you," growled Oakum, angrily, "shut up that box of ivory of yours, will you? What in the name of all that's black do you want to keep cackling about the cargo for? You silly old Spanish hen!"

"Who do you call niggah, sah?" cried Pollo, jumping off his perch. "How you dar call de capen's schef niggah, sah? How you dar call caklum 'panish hen? You ugly ruffyum, I bash you your rib."

As he spoke, Pollo, the black cook, generally known with the addition of Belvedere, ran back as far as he could; then, lowering his head like a ram, he rushed right at Oakum, who squared up ready to receive him. But the two did not come in contact, for Franks nimbly caught the cook round the waist as he passed, and swung him round.

CHAPTER II.

AN IMPORTANT ARRIVAL.

AS John Franks, the young sailor, swung the black cook round, and put a stop to the scuffle, a well-dressed, rather *distingue* man of about thirty came through the gangway, closely followed by a square shouldered attendant, bearing a heavy black case. The new-comer had glossy black hair, dark eyes, and a carefully waxed and pointed moustache. In one eye, at the expense of some distortion of his features, he had wedged an eye glass, and in his carefully gloved hands he bore the most dainty of umbrellas.

As he reached the deck, he paused, shouldered his umbrella in military fashion, and, refixing his glass, stared searchingly round.

"I wonder at you, Pollo," said Franks. "With passengers coming on board, too. And you a colored gentlemen."

"I tank you, Mass' Franks; I tank you, sah. I go to the galley, sah, to was' my hand, for fear I strike that common sailor; but I serb out Mass' Oakum some day for dis."

Apollo showed his teeth in a fierce grin at Oakum, who was rubbing his tarry hands on some spun yarn, and then bobbing his curly black head at Franks, he ensconced himself in his galley, amidst the coppers and saucepans.

As Apollo disappeared, the new comer, who had apparently satisfied himself with his scrutiny, now stood making telegraphic signs with his umbrella.

"Here, you sailors," he exclaimed, "where is the captain? Look here, my men," he continued, without waiting for an answer, "there are my cases in that boat alongside. See that they are brought safely on deck. Why wasn't the ship drawn up to the wharf?"

"Cleared out into the stream four days ago, sir," said Oakum, gruffly. "Are you a passenger?"

"Of course I am, my good fellow. Now, see to my cases at once. Round."

"Yes, sir," said the attendant, who had seated himself upon the case he carried, but now started up.

"See the cases brought on board, Round, and carefully count them. What's that one you have there?" he continued, pointing with his umbrella.

"E, sir, this one is. A, B, C, D and F alongside in the boat."

"Go to the side, and don't take your eyes off them till they are all on board," said the new comer, in a loud whisper; and his orders were obeyed, the man Round, as he had been called, watching while the waterman in the skiff alongside handed up five black cases of no great size, and all marked with big white letters, and the words, "Stuart, Esq. Passenger, St. Sebastian."

These cases being deposited together on the deck, the new-comer, presumably Stuart, Esquire, made his man sit upon the topmost case, while he pretty liberally recompensed the waterman.

"Now, Round, count those packages in my presence," said Stuart, Esquire.

"Yes, sir; C, B, A, D, F and E," said Round, counting the black cases carefully, though a glance would have shown them all there.

"That's right, Round," said Stuart. "Six; quite right. Now!"

"You elderly sailor," he continued, pointing at Oakum with his umbrella; "you stay with my man, Round, and guard those cases. He's armed, mind; well armed. So am I, my friend, for there's twenty thousand pounds' worth of jewelry in those packages."

"Lor' a mussy!" exclaimed Pollo, who had come up during the conversation, and was now staring with wide open eyes, and hands resting upon his bent knees as if fascinated at the black chests. "Lor' a mussy! Twenty tousand pounds. An' in dar, too, eh?"

"Yes, my man," said Stuart, loftily; and holding a scented handkerchief to his nose as he spoke—"in jewels; and mind this, I am under the protection of the Spanish Government. Am I not, Round?"

"Yes, sir; we are," said Round, who looked preternaturally solemn.

"So mind, my good fellows," continued Stuart, "that you and all your brother sailors are bound to protect me and my luggage. I look to you all for help. Now, my man," he said, "take me to— No; I shall stay here. Look here, you common sailors. Here, send for the captain."

"I will fetch him," said Franks, going towards the cabin; "but," he continued to himself, "if I had twenty thousand pounds' worth of valuables, I don't think I should go and tell everbody I met."

"I hope your ship is quite safe," said Stuart, Esquire, to Oakum, who being placed on guard, set to work to protect the chest hen fashion—sitting on two and putting his feet on a third—as he ruminated with a quid of tobacco about as big as a good-sized walnut.

"Safe, sir!" growled Oakum; "safe as the bank."

"What is she laden with?" said Stuart, carefully brushing a little dust off his patent leather shoes.

"Oh, odds and ends, sir," said Oakum, slowly; while Pollo, who had remained in his first attitude, trying to pierce the cases with his eyes, now pricked up his ears and listened; "machinery, cotton goods, engines, two popguns, and a mile or two of railway iron."

"Two popguns!" said Stuart, staring hard.

"Yes, sir," chuckled Oakum; "cannon, some folks would call 'em, but I call 'em popguns."

"Not loaded, I hope?" said Stuart.

"Lord love you, no," said Oakum. "They're safe enough at the bottom of the hold with the railway iron."

"And is that all?" said Stuart.

"Oh, there's sundries of course, sir," said Oakum, drily. "The skipper will tell you."

"Gold, sah, and silber, sah," cried Pollo, excitedly; "tousands of pouns, sah."

"Hold your tongue, will year, you sable Guy Fawkes!" cried Oakum, shaking his first at the black.

"Who do you call sable Guy Fook, you common sailor you!" cried Pollo. "I 'bash your head 'fore I done wid you, Mass' Oakum, sah!"

"Silence, my good fellows, silence," said the passenger; but there was no fear of a collision, for Pollo seated himself upon a water cask and began to smoke. "Oh, here is Captain Barker."

As he spoke Barker came on deck, followed by Franks, and advancing shook hands heartily with his passenger.

"First arrival, Mr. Stuart," he said. "Plenty of time. Tide don't turn for a couple of hours, and then we drop down."

"You are very good, Captain," said Stuart; "but look here, Captain, these are my valuable chests. I must have five of them placed in safety before I lose sight of them. I can't leave them here on deck."

"Oh, they're safe enough here, Mr. Stuart," said Barker. "I'll see that they are all right."

"I am greatly obliged," said Stuart, with a coldly suspicious look; "but I must see them locked and nailed up before I leave them. You said something about a bulky in your cabin."

"Bulkhead, my dear sir, bulkhead," said Barker, smiling. "Well, you shall be indulged in. Come along. Here Oakum, Franks, Smith, bring down those cases. You, Pollo, tell the carpenter to come below."

The sailors whipped up the cases and followed the captain down the hatchway, Stuart and Round forming the rear, while Pollo shouted to a boy without leaving his perch:

"Here, you lazy tiet, go an' tell de carp'n'er go down to de skipper's cabin."

"I dare say you think me very particular, Captain Barker," said Stuart in an eager whisper, as they stood alone, with the cases in the cabin waiting for the carpenter. "But those chests contain jewels, captain, ready for the coronation of Don Carlos. Your shippers told me you were accredited to the Carlist party."

"Well, rather so," said Barker, smiling. "I do a pretty good trade with them."

"In popguns, eh!" said Stuart, smiling.

"Well, yes," said Barker, in no wise offended; "in popguns sometimes; but," he added meaningly, "when I do so, they come on board as iron pillars or bronze statues, or something of that kind, Mr. Stuart. You are on board now and not going ashore again, or I might not have made this admission."

By Barker's direction, the carpenter took out a board from the bulkhead at the end of the cabin, and discovered an empty space, which Stuart carefully scrutinized; after which Oakum and Franks were summoned, the cases were lifted in, and the board thoroughly replaced.

"There, Mr. Stuart," said Barker, "that's better than lock and key. This is my cabin, and I shall be the guard over your cases. Now, I hope you will be satisfied."

"Perfectly," said Stuart, smiling. "Rodman & Braine, your shippers, gave such a strong recommendation to your vessel that our people told me to be sure and secure a passage with you; especially you know, as they said the future King of Spain was a little under obligations to you."

"Ah, well, we won't enter into that, Mr. Stuart," said Barker with a self-complacent smile. "The Carlist party may or may not owe somethink to me; but come, sit down and we'll drink to the success of our voyage. I can give you a glass of genuine Spanish wine, and a genuine Spanish-made cigar," he continued, taking a bottle and glasses from a locker along with a cigar box.

As he handed the cigars and proceeded to fill the glasses, Stuart's countenance took such a strangely suspicious shade that Barker noticed it, threw himself back in his chair and laughed heartily.

"May I ask what amuses you, sir?" said Stuart with dignity.

"You are quite right, sir," said Barker, still laughing merrily; "your suspicions are most just."

"Sir!"

"The wine is drugged and the cigar leaves soaked in a most powerful narcotic."

"Captain Barker!" cried Stuart, "is this a trap? Recollect, I am well armed."

"Come, confess that is what you thought," said Barker merrily. "Hang it, man, sit down. These are not mediæval times, when such plots are laid. Go on deck and shout 'hallo!' and what help my men don't give you can be obtained from the shore in five minutes."

"But, Captain," began Stuart, somewhat confused.

"Which glass shall I drink from?" laughed Barker; "and which cigar shall I smoke? Come, you won't let me be polite, so here goes."

Saying this he took a cigar at random, lit it, and then poured out a glass of a rich brownish-hued wine that looked like a ruddy sherry.

"There, Mr. Stuart; your health, sir and a prosperous voyage to you. That! That! Royal wine, sir; the Don gave me a case."

He tossed off the glass and sent up fumes from the fragrant cigar he smoked as he refilled his glass and that of his passenger.

"I—I beg your pardon," stammered Stuart. "I—I—there, sir, I'll be frank—the charge of valuables, and dealings with strange people make one of a suspicious tendency. I did think something of the kind, but you will forgive me?"

"Toss off your glass and light up, sir," said Barker, laughingly. "All I want of you is your fare, and that I have, and a pretty good one, too. Drink."

Stuart lit a cigar, drank and praised the wine, and then sat down smoking at the open window.

CHAPTER III.

MORE PASSENGERS.

MEANWHILE there were arrivals upon deck. Oakum and Franks were busy with the men arranging packages, securing coops and clearing the vessel of the lumber that accumulates before a voyage, however short; and the men obeying Oakum, who had been constituted mate pretty readily, this being the first voyage on board the *Bella Donna* of any of the little crew of seven or eight.

"If there's anything that worries me, it's seeing a deck nine bobble square," said Oakum with a growl. "Now, my lads, be smart and lower down them water-casks; and if that nigger gives any more of his cook's sauce heave him overboard."

As it happened that Pollo was not within hearing, no skirmish followed, and Oakum was disappointed of a row. He turned however, to Franks, who was busy coiling down a rope, and growled at him.

"Here, do look alive and do something for your salt. Here are you constituted mate of this little schooner, and what are you doing? Ho! here's some one else."

For at that moment there was a hail from a skiff coming from Gravesend pier, and a minute after the head of a stout, middle-aged man, in rather a broad brimmed hat, appeared above the gangway, followed by a white cravat and a black cassock vest.

"By the Lord Harry, who is this?" said Oakum.

"A hand here, my good man, if you please," said the new-comer with an unctuous roll in his voice. "I have my umbrella, my folding-seat and some books, and they incommode me rather."

"Come on, Jack," exclaimed Oakum. "Why, it's a parson," he added in an undertone, as starting forward they reached a hand each beneath the stout, middle-aged arrival's arm and helped him on deck, where he stood red and panting, dropping books and looking appealingly from one to the other. While he stood there, a thin, meek looking man in black, who looked like a week-day carpenter in his Sunday clerk's costume, climbed slowly to the deck, uncomfortably laden with packages and books; and he, too, stood looking apologetically from one to the other till his master spoke.

"Is this the schooner *Bella Donna*, my good man?" he said in a calm, soft voice.

"Right, sir—*Bella Donna* it is, cleared from port of London," said Oakum.

"And commanded by Captain Barker?" said the new-comer, turning this time to Franks.

"Yes, sir; quite right, sir!"

"And bound to San Sebastian, and elsewhere?" continued the passenger to Oakum.

"Ay, ay, sir; quite right," said Oakum; and then aside to Franks, "Jack, my lad, this here's catechism."

"And are you part of the crew, my men?"

"That we are, sir," said Oakum, screwing up his face. "Like to know our names, sir, and what our godfathers and godmothers did for us in our baptism?"

"My good man," said the passenger gravely, "I will talk to you during the voyage."

"That's putting one's foot in it, Jack," whispered Oakum penitently; "I didn't mean to offend the reverend gentleman."

"This is quite right, James Lodder," said the passenger, taking off wiping and replacing a pair of pale blue spectacles; "get all the luggage on board, James."

"Yes, sir," said his man meekly.

"And then go and ask about my cabin, James."

"Yes, sir," said the meek man, dropping a parcel, which Franks nimbly picked up for him.

"And, James," said the reverend gentleman, "if you are able to get me a cup of tea in the course of an hour or two, bring it to me."

"Yes, sir," said the meek man in black; and he nearly dropped another parcel as, after being directed aft by Franks, he proceeded to see about a couple of portmanteaus, and what seemed to be a box of books, which were hoisted on board.

"My good man," said the reverend passenger, whose fat, cleanly-shaven face hung over his cravat, "that's a bad habit," and he pointed to the steel tobacco box out of which Sam Oakum was helping himself to a fresh quid.

"Werry, sir," said Oakum coolly, and he placed the strong black tobacco in his mouth.

"The cares of a country parish made me somewhat of a doctor," continued the passenger: "tobacco ruins the digestion."

"Can't ruin mine, sir," said Oakum. "Never had none since I took to eating salt tack and sea biscuits."

"Ah," said the passenger, "I see I shall have to talk to you, my man, during the voyage."

As he spoke he had been arranging books and packages about him in a clear place on the deck, when he gave his folding seat a thump, sat down, opened his umbrella and held it over his head; and then taking out a book began to read, apparently absorbed by his studies, and paying not the slightest heed to what went on around.

Sam Oakum stood watching the stout clergyman for a few minutes, and then chuckling in a dry, quiet fashion, he turned round, winked at the young sailor, and pointed over his shoulder with his thumb.

"Jack, my lad," he said in a stage whisper, "what a figger head he'd make."

"You'll have him hear you directly," said Franks.

"Let him," said Sam. "What's the harm? Perhaps I meant after he was dead. And a fine honor, too; better nor being stuck up on a monnyment, where he wouldn't be no use. But come on, my lad, and we'll overhaul that there tawpale as wants a bit of a touch up 'bout the bolt ropes. Ha!" he said, sitting down with his companion and busying himself over the canvas, "that's the lot, I s'pose, lad. I don't think much o' passengers as a rule. They don't stow away well. You can't pack em close, and they're allus in the way. If it's fine weather they're a noosance, allus asking questions; and if it's foul, they're in a funk."

"Well, they're not used to the sea," said Franks, fastening on a toggle.

"No, nor never would be, if they lived till they was as old as Thoosalum. Ah, well, I dare say we shall get over it. Say, Squire, fasten that there toggle tight."

"Tight it is," said Franks, smiling at his mentor.

"That's square, my lad. Well, I s'pose we shan't come to no harm with having a blackbird on board. Not as I'm werry partial to the cloth. Some on 'em I likes, and some I don't. Why, Jack, my lad," he continued, pointing over his shoulder at the stout passenger, "if I was ashore, a living next to that there chap's church, I'm blest if I should ever go."

"No, Sam; I believe that," said Franks, laughing; "but I don't think it's anything to boast of."

"Well, 'taint, my lad—'taint, and I ought to know better, seeing as I've had the raising of you; but I ain't so werry wicked after all, when there ain't too much rum about. But as I was saying, I dont s'pose we shall come to no harm with a blackbird aboard, but hang me if I should like to sail in a ship where there was a black cat."

"That's a silly old superstition, Sam," said Franks.

"Well, I don't know so much about that, my lad," said Oakum, lugging the sail more over his knees as he sat cross legged on the deck. "Maybe it is, and maybe it ain't. There's never no harm in being on the safe side of a hedge, so I likes to be careful."

"A little more this way," said Franks, dragging at the sail. "Perhaps you're right about being careful, but I'd never believe in those old superstitions."

"Hah!" exclaimed Sam, taking a pull at the sail, "things is coming to a pretty pass. I used to teach you, and now you've a setting up for teaching me. But never mind, I ain't far wrong when I throws three pinches over my left shoulder, if I spills any, and spits when I goes under a scuffle. There's nothin' like givin' rocks and shoals a wide berth when you're at the wheel of life; and if you do likewise, my lad, you won't get hurt."

"Ah, Sam, old fellow, you might save yourself the trouble," said Franks quietly.

"That comes of book larnin. It's your readin' that makes you that bumptious, my boy," said Sam sagely. "Books is all werry well 'specially the Nautical Almanac and the Bible, but t'others ain't much account. Practical sperience is the thing. No book larnin won't teach a man to take his trick at the wheel. Practical sperience says throw three pinches o' salt over your left shoulder, if you spills any—sperience as was handed down from generation to generation, amen."

"Ah, Sam, it's all nonsense," said Franks, smiling.

"I dunno 'bout that, my lad," said Sam, gravely; "there's hidden dangers, like rocks under water, in lots o' things o' everyday life. So steer clear on 'em. I wouldn't on no account sail in a ship with a black cat aboard, though I don't see no objections to a Holy Joe."

"Don't call the clergyman a name like that, Sam. You'll have him hear you," said Franks with a sharp glance over his shoulder.

"Let him hear me," said Sam testily. "Where's the harm? Holy Joe's the proper name for a parson aboard a ship. Ask any sailor in the Queen's ships what he calls the chaplain, and see if he don't say as it's Holy Joe?"

All the same, though, Sam Oakum glanced over his shoulder, to see if he was overheard, and spoke in a lower tone.

"There's one comfort, my lad, though," he said after a pause, during which the clergyman went on quietly reading beneath his umbrella, "we ain't going to have no ladies."

"What! lady passengers!" said Franks, laughing, as he stitched away.

"No," said Oakum. "Hang me if I'd go a voyage in a ship with women on board."

"Why?" said Franks.

"'Cause it's onlucky, my lad," growled Oakum in a deep bass voice. "I did go in a full-rigged ship once to Walloperaiso, when the skipper took his wife with him."

"Well?" laughed Franks.

"Wrecked, my lad, wrecked," said Sam, in the same funereal tones. "Ship went to pieces on a rock, and we all had to 'scape in the boat with the skipper's wife, wearing her huzziban's pea jacket and sou'wester."

"Poor woman," said Franks.

"And," continued Oakum, "the worsest pair o' canwass trouses you ever see. Ah, my lad, it's allus been a puzzle to me why there ever was any women at all."

"Nonsense!" said Franks, laughing. "Why, Sam, you must have been crossed in love."

"Well, now, ain't that there nonsense!" said Sam. "Let me alone, my lad, for knowing what's what. I'm a man as is my fifteen or twenty year older nor you, and knows what's what as well as most on us. Love, indeed! Crossed! Don't you say that theer agen to me. And lookye here, my lad—jest you mark this here, what I say to you as I've made as fine a sailor as ever stepped—women's a cuss, and always has been a cuss ever since they was made, and got eatin' apples and meddlin' with what they didn't ought to touch."

"You'll have that parson hear you," said Franks, with an uneasy glance behind.

"Let him hear," growled Sam. "I say it again, women's a cuss ashore, and they're a wuss cuss afloat, 'specially in a hopen boat. Jack, my boy, I've been like a father to you."

"You have, Sam," said the young man quietly.

"Then do as I tell you, my lad; don't you never have nothing to do with a woman. If there's anything as I hates in this here life, it's a woman; and what I've got to say is this—I think as that there bit o' Scripter's wrong."

"Be quiet, Sam," exclaimed Franks, in a nervous whisper. "What's the good of talking like that, with a parson close to you!"

"I don't care for no parson," said Sam defiantly. "I shall say right out what I thinks. I believe all that there about the making o' man, but it must ha' been somebody else as made the woman out o' spite, so as to get the man into trouble."

"Sam!"

"Tell yer it's all true," said Sam, continuing his polemics. "It was a woman as got Adam into trouble, and it's been the women as got every blessed son of Adam into trouble ever since. No, my lad, never you so much as look at a woman. I would say never let 'em look at you, only that's no use; for they will do that, and you can't stop 'em. But if you takes my advice, whenever a woman speaks to you just you cut off. Ram down your helm, my lad, and send your vessel on another tack. Give her a wide berth, and you'll have got shut of a shoal, and be a happy man. D'yer hear?"

"Yes, I'm listening, Sam," said Franks, smiling.

"Ah, you may grin, my lad; but you'll find out as I'm right sooner or later, and own as you can't enjoy real peace o' mind if you even thinks about women. No sailing in a ship with women for me."

"Sooner go in a schooner laden with gold, eh, Sam!" said Franks, looking at him sidewise.

"Gold, my lad, eh!" said Sam, looking at him curiously; and then, leaning towards the young man, he glanced at the clergyman, and ended in whispering in his companion's ear.

"All right, my lad. She's safe enough. Carlists, you know. It's all right. You leave things to me, as you allus have. Why, ain't the pay good?"

"Yes," said Franks, "but——"

"You leave all to me, I tell you."

"I always have, Sam," said the young man simply.

"Well, that's right. I'll always do the best for both on us. You needn't be afraid to go any time. It's safe enough, I tell you; I seed to that. The Carlists won't hang you," he continued, as he looked sideways at the open, handsome face of his companion. "You're a sight too ugly and stoopid."

Franks shrugged his shoulders and smiled good humoredly.

"It's all right, I tell you. Never you mind so long on there ain't no shes on board to make things crooked."

As Sam spoke there was a hail at the side,

and a couple of the men went to the gangway.

"For," continued Sam, "if there's any mortal thing I do hate it's— Hallo, who's this coming aboard?"

He started to his feet the next moment, as a gentleman reached out his hand to assist a companion, and then another on board, from a shore boat, as Sam Oakum blew out his cheeks, uttered a low whistle, gave a slap on his thigh, and exclaimed—

"Women passengers, by jingo!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Family Jars.

BY WILSON BENNOR.

ONLY three short years since we furnished this parlor together," said Mrs. Jones, "and now——"

"Yes, now!" echoed Mr. Jones, resolutely thrusting his hands deep down in his pockets. "Things are altered now, Matilda!"

"Only three years!" said Mrs. Jones, sorrowfully.

"Three years of cat and dog quarrelling," continued her husband, grimly.

"You said the pink damask window curtains were just the color of my cheeks!" faltered Mrs. Jones.

"And even then, if you'll be good enough to recall the fact to your memory, Mrs. J.," remarked her husband, "we couldn't agree as to the pattern of the carpet, nor whether the walls should be kalsomined or papered!"

"We never have agreed," assented Mrs. Jones, with pursed up lips.

"And never shall!" said Mr. Jones.

"Perhaps it's better, on the whole, that we are to separate," said the lady.

"Oh, altogether," acquiesced the gentleman, rattling the money indifferently in his pocket.

"We never were united to one another," sighed Mrs. Jones.

"Couldn't have been worse matched if we had tried for it," remarked the husband.

"It's a pity we hadn't found it out before we were married," said Mrs. Jones.

"Better late than never," said Mr. Jones.

"You said you loved me," said Mrs. Jones.

"Well, I thought I did."

"I might have known that 'men were deceivers ever,'" quoted the wife.

"Oh, come now, Matilda, that isn't fair," said Mr. Jones. "Our first quarrel was when you turned Rover out of the parlor—the old Newfoundland who had saved my life."

"No, it wasn't!" said Matilda, with spirit; "it was when you called my aunt Jemima 'an old bore,' and said you wouldn't take her to the Wednesday evening prayer meeting! My aunt Jemima, with property and a temper like an angel's!"

"That's all very well," said Mr. Jones, "but you seem to have forgotten that you treated my friend Tompkins as if he had been a housebreaker, when I brought him unexpectedly to dinner."

"You refused to take me to the seaside when Dr. Peters said that the waters were essential to my health," flashed out Mrs. Jones.

"You wouldn't consent to have my mother come and live with us," retorted Mr. Jones, twitching his moustache.

"If your mother's temper was half as bad as yours——" began the lady, flushing up to the very roots of her hair.

"There you go again," said Mr. Jones, beginning to pace savagely up and down the room. "Who on earth could be expected to put up with this sort of thing?"

"You'll not have to put up with it much longer," said Mrs. Jones, drawing herself up.

"Thank goodness, no," said Mr. Jones.

"The lawyers will arrange all that," enunciated the lady.

"The sooner the better," said her husband.

"Of course it will make a dreadful scandal, me going home to mamma, and all!" faltered Mrs. Jones.

"Not at all," said Mr. Jones; "separations are common things now a-days."

"And I daresay," cried out the wife, "that as soon as you get to the horrid place that you're going to, you'll be making love to some other woman."

"Not I," said Mr. Jones, quite unmoved by his spouse's taunts. "I've had quite enough of that sort of thing, thank you."

"Here's the lawyer, coming to draw up the papers," said Mrs. Jones, looking out from between the rose colored damask curtains, "and I'm glad of it."

"So am I," said Mr. Jones, with flinty-hearted callousness.

"You're a brute!" cried the wife.

"So you have often remarked before," said the husband, biting off the end of a cigar.

"That's no reason you should insult me by smoking in my presence."

"Do not be afraid, madam—you have already taken quite sufficient opportunity to inform me of your aversion to my habits."

And only the entrance of the lawyer sufficed to arrest impending hostilities.

It was quite true.

Mr. and Mrs. Jones, after a union of three years, had agreed that they couldn't agree, and were to sign a legal separation.

It was altogether the best thing—in fact, the only one, they mutually decided.

It had been scold, scold, carp, carp, fret, fret, ever since they had walked out of the church porch.

Domestic peace had long ago folded her wings and floated out of the window; love and tender sympathy had shrunk, startled, away.

And at the end of these three years friends had been called in council, a solemn session of relatives had been held, and Mr. and Mrs. Jones were going to separate.

"You're sure you don't care for her, Robert?" Jones' dearest friend and college chum had said to him.

"Oh, that's quite a thing of the past," said Jones, with a shrug of the shoulders."

"You have ceased to love him, dear!" Mrs. Jones' mother questioned her child.

"Oh, mamma, long ago!" declared poor little Matilda, with streaming eyes.

So the papers were signed, and Mr. and Mrs. Jones separated in good earnest.

Matilda went back to the maternal home, and Mr. Jones took up his quarters in a hotel, until he could arrange for his final departure.

But the night before he was to sail, the waiter came up to his room and announced, "A lady."

"It's my mother," thought Mr. Jones, who was sitting staring into the red coals of the grate as if they were a riddle that he was trying to read.

But it was not his mother.

It was his wife!

"It's only me, Robert," said Matilda, trembling all over. "I—I wanted to speak just a word or two to you before you went away—for ever!"

"Are you not satisfied with the allowance?" said Mr. Jones, gloomily.

"Oh, quite; it's more than generous!" said Matilda, hurriedly. "Only, Robert, I couldn't help telling you one or two things before we part. I was wrong about Rover. He was a noble dog. I should have let him stay, only—only I was a little out of temper that day. And—I've asked your mother's pardon for refusing to let her live with us. I think, now, that she would have been a great help and comfort to me. And I think, Robert, that I should feel better if you would say you forgave me for scolding so much about your cigars. And——"

"Stop!" said Mr Jones. "It isn't right Matilda, that all the apologies should be on your side. I've been wrong myself!"

"Oh, no, Robert, no!" cried out the little wife, bursting into tears.

"Yes, I was—about your aunt," declared Jones.

"She was a dreadfully trying old creature," owned Matilda, "and I knew it all the time."

"But I should have treated her civilly!" persisted Mr. Jones. "And I shall always regret, Matilda, that I did not give you that season at the seaside."

"Dear Robert, don't think so! All I ask of you is to forget and forgive my horrid temper," besought Mrs. Jones.

"If there is any forgiveness," said the husband, with softening eyes, "it is I that need it. I have acted like a fool."

"We have both been foolish, Robert," timidly suggested the wife.

"But because we have been idiots, it don't follow that we need be for the future," said Mr Jones, holding out both his hands. "Matilda, shall I go, or shall I stay? Speak quickly; it is for you to decide."

"Stay," whispered Mrs. Jones

He folded her close to his breast.

"Little wife," he said, "let us go down to old Seal's office and tear up those papers of separation."

"I don't care how soon you do it," said Mrs. Jones, laughing and crying in the same breath.

"And then!"

"And then," said Mrs. Jones, twisting the second button of her husband's coat round and round, "we'll begin life over again—on an altogether new platform."

And that was the end of the legal separation.

Of course there was a general gust of gossip about it; people said that "it was very strange that the Jones didn't know their own minds."

But Mr and Mrs. Jones were contented, and, after all, that was the main thing.

Professor Virchow, of Berlin, has statistics concerning the eyes of millions of German children. Belgium, Holland, Switzerland and Bohemia, through proper officials have been engaged in the same task. In the North of Belgium the light type prevails. The Flemish people have predominant blue or gray eyes and light hair.

For a few days previous to her marriage, the future Queen of Spain occupied the famous chateau of Pardo, near Madrid, which stands in the midst of a noble park enclosed by a massive stone wall more than fifty miles in length. This formed the hunting ground of the old Kings of Castile.

A contemporary says the most difficult surgical operation of all is to take the cheek out of some of our young men.

Exactly Right.

BY AMY LEE.

MISS BELLE LANCASTER sat in her elegant boudoir, with such a frown upon her brow that her cousin Minnie, who stood in the unenviable position of a "poor relative" dependent on the Lancasters for her daily bread, was terribly alarmed.

"Minnie," said Belle, at last.

"Yes."

"Where did you get acquainted with Mr. Harwell?"

Poor Minnie blushed crimson, then burst into tears.

"At Brighton, before poor papa died," she said.

"Four years ago! Your remember acquaintanceship well," Belle sneered.

"He and papa were intimate friends," said Minnie; but she did not tell her cousin that Edmund Harwell had been her own accepted lover, and that she had dismissed him when poverty came upon her, without giving her reasons, simply telling him that something had come between them that would keep them asunder for evermore.

"Well, hereafter, when my acquaintances call," said Belle, severely, "I trust that you will remain invisible. Remember your circumstances are changed—that you are dependent on us for support, and govern yourself accordingly. Edmund Harwell will be a splendid 'catch'—worth thousands, they say—and I am determined to bring him to my feet. Of course I do not fear your rivalry; but when one has poor relatives, 'tis well enough that they should be made to know their places."

And Miss Belle arose, and haughtily swept from the room, while poor little Minnie crept softly away up stairs, and indulged in a hearty cry.

That evening, when Edmund Harwell called, he saw no one but Belle. He fidgeted about for a while, and then asked for "Miss Norton."

"Miss Norton? Oh, Minnie, you mean," laughed Belle,—"our companion. Why, she is up in her room, I suppose, poring over the latest novel. She only gets time at night to read."

"But what has become of her father?" asked Mr. Harwell, paying not the slightest heed to the covert scorn.

"Dead," was the reply.

"Dead! How long since he died, Miss Lancaster?"

"Three years, I believe. He failed, and lost every dollar of his property, and Minnie then came to us."

"Then she is a relative of yours?" asked Edmund Harwell, quietly.

"A relative! No, I assure you. All the claim she has upon us consists in the fact that we were acquainted before she became poor."

Belle uttered this falsehood without flinching; but if she had known that Minnie had often spoken of her to him, and that he knew they were cousins, she might not have spoken so glibly.

"I would like to see her."

Belle bit her lip with vexation, then rose and left the parlor, and glided up stairs.

"Mr. Harwell desires to speak with you," she said, with a bitter laugh, as she met Minnie upon the landing. "Go down, if you wish it."

Minnie glanced at her, and reading the expression upon her face, replied that she would not go.

"Then I shall tell him that you refuse to see him?"

"Yes" was the reply.

"What reason shall I assign?"

"Not any. My reasons would make no difference to him."

So Belle Norton returned to the parlor.

"Miss Norton declines to see you," she said.

His face flushed hotly.

"Did you urge her so very much, Miss Lancaster?"

"Why, to be sure, I told her you wished to see her very particularly—was not that enough?"

"I suppose so," he answered, with a sigh. "But I did wish to see her very much. We were very good friends once, and I saw no reason why the ties that bound us lang syne should not be revived. If, however, she thinks otherwise, I shall yield, not being able to help myself."

"She's a curious girl," said Belle, apologetically. "She treats her best friends sometimes as coldly as utter strangers. I often doubt her sanity, but I presume it is nothing but a contradictory spirit."

"Possibly," said Harwell, with a dreamy, far away expression in his eyes; and the subject was not again alluded to.

Meanwhile Miss Belle redoubled her exertion to effect a conquest, not only on this but on many subsequent visits. His heart appeared to be no very salient point; but a continual dropping will wear a stone, 'tis said; and after a time he seemed becoming sensible that she was charming, and paid her greater deference.

She hailed this as a happy omen, and was already figuring the probable expense of her *trousseau*, when one day she saw him meet her cousin in the hall, and stop to speak with her.

"Miss Norton—Minnie!" he cried, seizing and imprisoning her hands, "why do you shun me?"

"No matter, Mr. Harwell; let me go, I beg of you," she pleaded.

"I shall not let you go until you answer me," was his reply.

Minnie looked distressed.

"I cannot, Mr. Harwell."

"Is it by order of Miss Lancaster?"

No answer.

"Is it because you dislike me?"

"No, Mr. Harwell, it is not."

He folded his arm around her.

"Minnie," he demanded in thrilling tones, "you said you loved me once—do you not love me still?"

"Oh, please release me," she cried, almost sobbing. "I cannot tell you that. Remember I am poor—a poor dependant on Miss Lancaster's bounty. I could not be a fitting mate for you."

"Yes, you could, my darling—and I love you. My life without you would be a desert—you can make it blossom as the rose. My home is waiting for the mistress of my heart—be merciful, I pray you!"

What could Minnie say? She could not have the moral courage to break his heart or torture her own, and we are glad she did not. Putting the hand he had released shyly back into his own, she whispered, "I do love you, Edmund, and have loved you always. If you really wish me, poor and unworthy of you as I am, I cannot answer no."

And then there was a rapturous scene of embracing.

Miss Belle, who had seen and heard it all, came forward, and had the grace to offer her congratulations.

"I wish you many years of happiness," she said.

Perhaps she did. But the terrible lecture she read her mother afterwards, for ever having Minnie in the house, was not an evidence of it.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

THE NEW WORLD'S PIONEERS.—Of the discoverers and conquerors of the New World, Columbus died broken-hearted, Roldin and Bobadilla were drowned, Balboa was beheaded, Cortes was dishonored, Pizarro was murdered.

CURIOUS FACTS.—"The ghost walks" is a theatrical phrase meaning that salaries are being paid. The Bornean soldier on march carries his rations in his walking-stick—a stout hollow bamboo stuffed full of sweetened rice. The crown of England contains jewels valued at $450 000. According to the reckoning of Villapandus the cost of Solomon's Temple was $77 521 965 636. According to the book of Revelations, the dimensions of heaven afford more than a hundred rooms of sixteen feet square each for 927 000 000 000 0000 persons.

GRAPES IN TURKEY.—In Turkey, where wine and intoxicating drinks are forbidden by the Koran, the juice of the grape is boiled down in great quantities and commonly used in the household, much as we use jam, answering the purpose of both butter and jam. It is considerably thicker than treacle, and in winter can be cut with a knife like butter. It is put up in goat-skins, and is a common article of trade in the market. It is called "pek mes," and is used as a drink when diluted with water. It tastes somewhat like new cider.

THE MOSLEM FAST.—The Moslem Ramazan or fast falls in the ninth month of the Mohammedan year, and lasts from moon to moon. Long before dawn a gun is fired to warn the faithful that they must be up at once if they wish to eat or drink, and presently the muezzin will call to prayer from the roofs of the mosques, and after that no Moslem can eat. It lasts for twenty-nine days, but is often terminated a day before by the populace lending itself with all alacrity to an absurd imposture. Some man prevailed upon to lie for the public good rushes to the cazi, and before him solemnly deposes on oath that he saw the moon twenty-nine days ago, whereupon the cazi, with all gravity pretending to believe the untruth, announces that the fast is ended.

HOW THE AFGHANS MAKE A SAINT.—There is a story told of an Afghan tribe that is very probably true. It was long a sore point with them that, while every other section of the tribe had its particular shrine, no Fakir had been obliging enough to die among them. They had been taunted about this by the others, till at last they determined to supply the deficiency. In Peshawar lived a Fakir peculiar sanctity. A deputation waited on this saint, and earnestly invited him to pay them a visit. He granted the request, and on arrival was sumptuously entertained. After dinner he was informed of the vacancy in the saints' calendar, and of the determination of the tribe to be no longer without the means of having a heavenly agent to forward the prayers of their soulless ones. As his soul was going straight to bliss, and his body to be so highly honored, he could not possibly have any objection to the arrangement. Any way, the sacrifice was made, and the desired sanctuary secured.

THE SIREN'S SONG.

BY EDMUND SPENSER.

Love is the blossom where there blows
Everything that lives or grows:
Love doth make the heavens to move,
And the sun doth burn in love;
Love the strong and weak doth yoke,
And makes the ivy climb the oak;
Under whose shadows lions wild,
Softened by love, grow tame and mild;
Love no medicine can appease;
He burns the fishes in the seas;
Not all the skill his wounds can stanch,
Not all the sea his fire can quench:
Love did not make the bloody spear
Once a leafy coat to wear,
While in his leaves there shrouded lay
Sweet birds, for love, that sing and play:
And of all love's joyful flame
I the bud and blossom am.
Only bend thy knee to me,
Thy wooing shall thy winning be.

VERA;

—OR,—

A Guiltless Crime.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CECIL CARLISLE," ETC

CHAPTER LI.—(CONTINUED.)

OH, Cascelles—noble, generous—and yet I must hope that these words may yet pierce your heart!"

Then once more Vera resumed the restless walk up and down, the throbbing brain and racked heart going over the same ground, with Vivian Devereux in his terrible captivity, in the court, under the glare of those countless cruel eyes, and yet hardly conscious of them in the all-absorbing knowledge of Vivian's presence. It had seemed like a dream from the time he spoke his name; there had been a breathless pause, then great tumult. Some cheered, there were cries of joy, sobs from many of the women and not a few of the men; and amid the din she heard the voices of the usher and magistrate striving, and at first in vain, to restore order, for the crowd without heard the news, and there was such a roar as shook the walls of the court and drowned the sounds of confusion within. She must have grown dizzy then, for she had at first only a vague sense that Cascelles was near her; yet the close passionate clasp of Vivian's hand thrilled her through every nerve. She heard his words—did they not burn into her heart like fire as he bent down to her? "Not the witness of angels should make me doubt thee, Vera—false only in saying thou art false!" And then he had given her into Lord Cascelles' care, and she heard the magistrate speaking again; but she knew not what he said; she only saw Vivian, and knew that he was a prisoner once more. And then Lord Cascelles led her out, and she saw what seemed a vast sea thronged and heaved with a sound like the moan and crash of the breakers on Brida's Rocks. And when she was in the carriage, and Lord Cascelles still with her, holding her hand in his as her brother might have done, she heard a wild cheering, breaking forth irresistibly and rolling over the throng, which stretched both ways as far as the eye could see—one dense mass—as a breeze sweeps over the waving corn. Vivian Devereux was coming out, a prisoner, an accused murderer; but they cheered him, the rough mob, for the deed he had done that day, and yet more again when they saw him, with his rare beauty and superb pride, compelling homage through the divinity which doth hedge not kings alone, but all of kingly blood.

That had touched her, that quick sympathy of the uncultured throng with noble instincts, and the crimson flushed her brow, and her eyes lighted with a new fire. After that there was a blank. She had not fainted, but a dull stupor seized her senses; she could not recall how she had parted with Lord Cascelles. She was alone when she woke to full consciousness; that was all she knew. She must have told them to leave her. Alone—she must be ever alone now. And he too must be alone. He might be restored to honor, to ambition, but never to happiness.

There were many who came, some from sympathy, some from curiosity, to Carlton-house Terrace; but all received the same answer. Florrie Morton, recalling in miserable perplexity her last interview with Vera, was among the first. The inflexible reply was given. Miss Calderon would see no one.

"No one!" cried the girl passionately. "She will see me!"

"No, miss she said, not even you."

"Oh, go to her," said Florrie, bursting into tears; "tell her I am here! She must see me!"

The servant bowed and went. In a few moments Aileen Connor came in. It was the evening of the day after the examination at Bow Street, and Aileen had come up to London at once.

"Aileen," said Florrie eagerly, "you have seen her?"

"Ay, Miss Florrie,"—the Irishwoman's face showed how she suffered, and her voice was hoarse and trembling—"I carried her in these arms, an' hushed her to sleep a thousand times. She wouldn't refuse me; but she'll see no one else. She tells me to say she couldn't see ye anyhow for the great wrong she did your cousin, nor even ask your forgiveness."

"Wrong—forgiveness! But it can't be true, Aileen! Is it true?"

"Did I know it for thrue, Miss Florrie, before she confessed it?" cried the woman almost fiercely. "What for do ye ask me, who took her from her dying mother, if it's thrue? An' if it was, will I speak against her?"

"No, no; I don't know what I'm saying, Aileen; but, oh, they say—some say she is guilty—that is to save Sir Vivian she has accused herself!"

Aileen's manner changed. "She's told me nothing, Miss Florrie. She's kept her own counsel. Sir Vivian don't believe her; I know that."

Florrie clasped her hands, then wrung them wildly.

"It is all misery—endless misery," she said, turning away. "And she will not see me? Will nothing make her see me?"

"Nothing, Miss Florrie. She wouldn't see the good priest who loved Sir Vivian. He came up this morning, but she gave the same answer; an' he went on to see Sir Vivian."

So Florrie turned back with a heavy heart, and a mind that sorely misgave her. "What could have made Vera accuse herself if she were innocent!" the girl asked herself, and could find no answer.

CHAPTER LII.

A FORTNIGHT to the trial," said Adeline Gresham-Faulkner, throwing down the morning paper; and then she clenched her hands together and sat musing, with a look in her eyes strangely like that of Percy Everest.

"And this was his power over her. How did he know it? He will say nothing; he does not trust me. He warns me to beware of Vivian Devereux. Is the warning needed? Do I not hate him for his name's sake? If I had but dreamed, if the thought but had flashed across me, the Count Saint Leon was Devereux of Rougemont! But who could pierce a mask so skilfully worn? Why should he try to discover whether I had ever known the House of Devereux? But, after all, he has learned nothing; and now I am on my guard. Why," she laughed bitterly, "he must first be free! He is a prisoner once more; he may yet wear a convict's dress and roughen his white hands with shameful toil. They may not believe Vera Calderon, they may condemn Chandos-Devereux; and, if not—if both are free—there is a partition between them that, if he would break down, she would maintain. Ay, truly revenge is sweet, the very nectar of the gods! No son of his will ever bear his name and inherit his broad lands; he may shine in the great world, but his hearth will be desolate. He who is the living expression of the haughty Rohan motto will be willing to sacrifice all his proud heritage of name and land for one hour of happiness. I would I could see him now! I would I could see this lord of Chandos and Westleigh and Baronmere, this son of Devereux and Rohan, in his prison cell at Newgate!"

He sat, in the deep winter gloaming, on the side of the low pallet-bed, his forehead bent down on his hands, and it might be prison or palace for all reck he took of surroundings; even the fierce rebellion of the proud free spirit against captivity was utterly subjected to the other thoughts that filled the whole field of mental vision. He was travelling, not with hurried steps, but sternly, deliberately, pausing at each stage of the journey, and surveying all that lay around and before him, over the time that had passed since he first met Vera Calderon; and his memory—always remarkably retentive, and wherever she was concerned reproducing the most commonplace occurrences with the distinctness of a photograph—recalled many things that might well have staggered his faith, seemingly bearing out the story of her own guilt. He recalled how she had sometimes shrunk from him, at others clung to him like one who seeks a refuge in the love that unconsciously wounds her; he heard again the solemn words uttered as if from inspiration, "I know that Heaven's justice will discover the truth, that the day of reckoning will come;" her passionate interjection, when he met her in the library at Carlton-house Terrace, and had spoken bitterly of being discovered and arrested, "Never—that shall never be!"—trying immediately to efface the impression produced by her hasty words; her strange petulance on the evening he had seen her at Temple Rest, her miserable cry: "If you would only trust me less!"—her avoidance of him that same night; most of all, the latent expression in her eyes which told him of some suffering other than that which fell on her directly through him. It would need a keen eye—a subtle one—nay, a lover's eye and special intuition to note this fine distinction, and to Vivian, with the added power of an all-seeing love to an unusually vivid capacity in the reading of face and character, the expression—to which even he could assign no actual name—was clearly present from the first. To what was it traceable? To remorse, as those who are ever wise after the event persuaded themselves? Nay, indeed, Vivian Devereux had no battle to fight here. It was not that he combated even a drifting suspicion, that he fortified himself in doubt with the strength of his love.

It would have been as impossible to have believed Vera guilty of the cowardice and treachery to which she had confessed as to have believed that he had been living under an hallucination—that he himself had in truth struck the fatal blow, and had forgotten it. The seeming hyperbole, wrung from his agony, faithfully expressed his calm and deliberate thoughts. His mind on this point was therefore a blank page. He was seeking now for the clue by which he could inscribe on it name and circumstance; for even the startling fact, so unerringly revealed by Vera's knowledge of Marmaduke Devereux's dying words, that she was really present with him as she had stated, only convinced him of that bare fact, but no more shook his faith in her than any other circumstance that might seem to tell against her. But all these things left his trust untouched; they placed clearly beyond the ken of conjecture any other proposition than that Vera knew who was the murderer of Marmaduke Devereux; otherwise her first act would have been to obtain assistance—ignorant even, as she must have been, the event of the discovery being incidental that Vivian could be in any way involved. Indeed, so far from fleeing from the sound of Alba's bark, she would have hailed it as an augury that Vivian was near, and would have sought him at once. Who, then, was the assassin? If Everest, what motive could have induced Vera to conceal the crime? And Vivian could not reconcile his estimate of Everest's character with the idea of a crime of violence; while unknown as he was to Vera until she met him at Chandos Royal, a stranger, too, to her father, it seemed an extravagant hypothesis that he could have any hold upon her sufficient to make her allow Vivian Devereux to bear the weight of his crime, and at length even accuse herself rather than avow the truth.

Vivian had never lost sight of the opinion he had expressed to Doctor Coryn—that the clue to this mysterious crime was to be sought in the past life of its victim. Neglecting no possible link, he again reverted—as he had two years before—to the vindictive woman who had so scornfully rejected his bounty, and whose prophetic words to Vera and to himself had been so strangely fulfilled. She was not—he had noted at the time—what she seemed to be. She had expressed bitter hatred of the House of Devereux; but, again, what motive could Vera have for hiding a crime committed by her or hers, unless she had power, through a knowledge that must directly affect Vera herself, to seal Vera's tongue? But this question was answered by the fact that at the time of the murder Vera was alone in the world. If the manifest gloom that oppressed her father, if his long absence from home and restless wanderings were traceable to any crime committed at a former period, no consideration for his memory, for the reflected shame of a sin past the reach of justice, could have induced Vera to allow an innocent man—and that man her betrothed husband—to suffer unjustly. Calderon himself had evidently had no feeling of enmity against Duke Devereux; and, whether such feeling existed or not, and was strong enough to induce so foul a crime, the master of Temple Rest was beyond all power for good or evil when Marmaduke Devereux fell beneath an assassin's blow.

Coming back to the present, Vivian's thoughts paused at Mrs. Gresham-Faulkner's door. Who and what, he asked himself—now more significantly than ever before—was this woman, who, he was convinced, did know something of the Devereux? But the conviction threw no light on Vera's conduct throughout this terrible drama. Thought grew maddening at last; and the prisoner rose up with passionate gesture—with a wild longing to break through these stone walls and be free—free to find the truth—for it was characteristic of the man that he never allowed the possibility of failure. If Vera were condemned, he would see her; and, if she were proof against entreaty or command, he would yet unravel the web. He started as the key turned in the lock, and turned quickly to the door.

"Sir Vivian," said the warder respectfully, "you refused to see any one; but I was desired to give you this card."

The blood flushed to Devereux's brow as he read the name on the card—the name of Wilford Coryn. "Admit him," he said at once. "I will see him."

The man retired; in another moment the heavy door had closed behind the Rector of Rougemont.

"My son! My son!" As though Vivian Devereux had been indeed his own son restored to him from the dead, the Rector embraced him, and for many moments neither could speak. "Heaven be thanked," said Doctor Coryn at length falteringly, when he had grown a little calmer, "that I can look on your face again, Vivian Devereux! I scarcely could believe it true that you were living——" He stopped. He could say no more.

"Father," said Vivian, in a low voice, recurring instinctively, in the hour of suffering, to the title of loving reverence which his childhood had been taught to give the clergy, "I knew you would come, and come not to me only, but to her—to Vera. Tell me, you have seen her?"

Very sadly was the answer given.

"No, Vivian. She would not see me. Her old nurse Aileen was with her, and brought me this message—'Tell Doctor Coryn that on my knees I thank him and bless him, but dare not ask his blessing.' Heaven help you, my son—and her!"

"You believe her guilty," said Vivian, with strange quietness. "How should you believe otherwise? But I know that she is innocent."

"Vivian, Vivian, let not your heart speak, to be broken when the truth is forced upon it."

"The truth you mean can never be forced upon it."

He spoke in the same grave, quiet manner, without any outward passion of tone or gesture, but there was a world of passion in the deep hazel eyes—in the delicate lines of the mouth. The force of his profound conviction had almost dimmed in Wilford Cory's memory the picture of that face, so filled with unutterable dread, that had never ceased to haunt him—the memory of that sealed packet which lay yet untouched, concerning which Vera Calderon had given no sign.

"Do you speak," he said, after a pause, "from any knowledge, or only from your faith in her?"

"My faith in her," said Vivian steadily, "is knowledge. I have, as yet, none other. Father, you do not know her; but you may well believe that my love blinds me, that I shall yet be rudely undeceived. Be it so. I have no power to feel or to think otherwise."

Doctor Coryn was silent.

"Is she worthy of such love as this?" was his mental question, but yet Vivian's faith staggered him; for, strong as were this man's passions and affections, he was not one to let even that passion which is proverbially the most blind utterly cloud his clear powerful intellect and subtle perceptions.

Vivian himself seemed unwilling to dwell on the subject; doubtless he shrank from even a word or a look that expressed a doubt of Vera's innocence, and Doctor Coryn respected such loyalty, as rare as it was beautiful. When Vivian broke the silence that followed his last words, it was to speak about Pengarth and Rougemont, and how the strange news from London had been received.

The Rector had left the country too suddenly to be able to give much information, especially with regard to Pengarth, which was fifteen miles from Rougemont; but at the latter place the excitement was extraordinary. The news had been telegraphed down to Melton Parva, printed off in slips, and sold through the town, and mounted messengers had ridden over to Rougemont and Pengarth, with hundreds of the slips, which were disposed of at once.

Before Doctor Coryn left the prisoner he spoke again of the trial, particularly concerning the words that Marmaduke Devereux had uttered, and Vivian then told him of his last interview with his brother.

"They will call you at the trial," said the Rector, to whom Vivian's explanation gave a yet darker complexion to Vera's assertion of her own guilt.

"I know it, and I must answer; for silence would avail her nothing."

Was there a strange retribution in this? She by silence had helped to condemn Vivian Devereux; he by speech must cast a weight into the evidence against her! As if the Rector had spoken the inward thought, Vivian answered—

"My lips she may compel to utter words that shall do her foul and cruel wrong; but she knows that I could more easily tear out this heart, and yet live, than feel one throb of doubt."

"Vivian," said Doctor Coryn, clasping the young man's hand in both his own, "surely such faith cannot be in vain. But if, for your sake, this woman is offering herself for sacrifice, who then is guilty?"

"If they condemn her," Vivian Devereux answered, "I shall be free once more; and my life will be given to one purpose—to find the murderer of Marmaduke Devereux; and, mark me, as surely as there is a Heaven, I shall not be baffled!"

But did Vivian Devereux, while he uttered these prophetic words, dream whither they would guide his footsteps?

CHAPTER LIII.

TO the impatient public the brief period that elapsed before the trial of Vera Calderon seemed long. How heavily dragged the days and hours to those most nearly concerned! The Marchioness of Landport had written to Vera, offering to accompany her to the court on the day of trial; a like letter came from Lady Kynaston, her kinswoman, and from warm-hearted Lady Honor O'Brien, her mother's first cousin, and from the Duchess of Marston. Lady Constance wrote gushingly; she would willingly, if only for dear Vivian's sake, accompany Vera; but she knew she could not stand the ordeal—indeed she was so ill from all that happened that she was obliged to

keep her room. And Vera smiled a little bitterly as she laid that letter aside. Lady Constance was one of those who, whatever happens to any one they know, are always the greatest sufferers. No one could feel what she felt, or imagine what her martyrdom was on other people's account.

But Vera would not accept even Lady Landport's offer, though she knew her refusal would deeply pain Lord Cascelles; she would compromise no one by association with her disgrace. Aileen, who had returned to Temple Rest, was coming up for that day, and would be her sole companion. Lord Cascelles wrote, and in the most earnest terms endeavored to alter this determination, but Vera held to it firmly. She still saw no one but her solicitor, and her business with him was gone through in her usual mathematical manner. She made all arrangements as though conviction were certain, and then, with what patience she might, stretched on a mental rack, awaited the terrible day.

Naturally one of the questions discussed with most interest in connection with this *cause célebre* was whether Chandos-Devereux would be called upon to throw light—if possible—upon the dying words of his brother.

"I was speaking to a leading man at the Common Law Bar," said Lord Sydney Tollemache, in the morning-room of the Athenæum, a few days before the trial, "and he said they would be certain to call him."

Percy Everest, who had entered the club a few moments before with a member, turned quickly.

"Do you think they will?" he said, with a shocked and pained air. "It would be a cruel thing to make him assist in condemning Miss Calderon."

"The law, you see, cannot be sentimental," replied Lord Sydney rather drily.

"It will be a deuced shame for all that!" observed another, who had been with Vivian at Christ Church. "Well, all this has put something beyond dispute—Devereux's own innocence."

"How so?" asked Everest.

The speaker stared.

"Devereux of Rougemont," he said, dropping into the old familiar title, "take shelter in a coward's refuge! Faith you can know neither of the man nor his race to ask the question, b[illegible] Everest!"

"I saw a good deal of him when I was staying at Chandos Royal," returned Everest, gnawing his lip, and his eyes gleamed with a vindictive right.

How they all loved this haughty Devereux! What unbounded faith they placed in his honor! If he were freed, there would be no taint on his name—the breath of suspicion would not poison the air he breathed. Everest moved away, and sat down apart, taking up a newspaper, for it was not his cue to quarrel with any one, and Lord Borradaile had retorted rather hotly to his last speech—"A pity, then, you did not learn to know him better!" At last he could smile grimly to himself as he heard them discussing the *pros* and *cons*, and revel in the thought of the blight that, come what might, must henceforth cloud Vivian Devereux's life, and the suffering he would endure when compelled to give evidence against the woman he loved.

"Shall you be in court?" some one asked him presently, and he answered, "Yes."

Enormous as was the demand for privileged places—hundreds of people of rank and influence had been refused—Mr. Everest managed to secure a vantage-point. He had told Vera he would be present, and he would keep his word.

"I don't like that Everest," said Lord Sydney, in a low voice, to a friend. "Do you remember how haughty the seeming Count Saint Leon was to him? I never know much of Devereux of Rougemont myself; but I've always heard that he was generally right in his likes and dislikes."

"I never knew him wrong," was the decided answer. "And there's another person I never liked—that Mrs. Gresham-Faulkner, who made such love to Saint Leon, as we all believed him, on the night he came to London, at Lady Landport's ball; you remember?"

"Ay; I always did marvel what Miss Calderon could see in Mrs. Faulkner to make her take up so. She isn't in her set or of her style. I suppose she'll be in court?"

"Oh, yes—got a good place! Perhaps, if Miss Calderon is condemned, she thinks she may stand a chance with Devereux, though she must be more than ten years his senior, and is about as comparable to that divine creature as a milliner's doll is to an angel."

"Hardly an angel," said Everest abruptly, for he had overheard the last words, "if her story be true."

"True or false, she is one of those women whom no man would condemn," rejoined Lord Sydney emphatically; "and I know Devereux himself does not believe her guilty."

"Nor I," said Lord Borradaile. "There is something deeper in all this than a glance can fathom; but if Devereux should get free, he will not let the grass grow under his feet. By Heaven, if I were a man whom he had good reason to unearth, I'd as lief have his Cuban after me on Salisbury Plain as Devereux himself on my track through the mazes of society!"

Everest turned aside to hide the sudden pallor of his face, and then, hurriedly taking leave, went out.

Those words haunted him, and, try as he would to fortify himself in the thought that Devereux could not possibly discover his own part in this drama, save through one source, he could not calmly face the prospect of Vivian being free, and the careless simile employed made his blood run chill. There was something awful in the idea of a sleuth-hound on a man's trail; and the idea came more vividly to him because he naturally linked it with the formidable Cuban, Vivian's favorite, and brought back to him a horror the very memory of which made him turn sick with dread.

It would have been well perhaps for Percy Everest if he had given heed to the fear which for a few moments had almost overpowered him, prompting him to fly from Vivian Chandos-Devereux.

CHAPTER LIV.

NOTHING equals the patience of a crowd waiting outside a Court of Justice when some case of "thrilling interest" is to come on.

Before six o'clock in the morning the throng was so dense outside the Central Criminal Court that those arriving later were compelled to remain on the outskirts, where they stood, happy, apparently, merely in the fact of being in the crowd, though they could neither see nor hear anything worth seeing or hearing. Traffic was perforce stopped, and it was only the utmost exertions of an unusually large body of police that could keep Holborn and Ludgate Hill tolerably clear.

If the general excitement needed any further stimulant, it was furnished by the news that about nine o'clock ran like an electric stream through the immense multitude that Sir Vivian Devereux was to be brought up from Newgate to give evidence.

The popular feeling with regard to Vivian was manifested in the deep groan that followed this announcement, and some of a Communistic tendency, who were disposed to condemn the lord of Chandos as a "detested aristocrat," found themselves in so helpless a minority that they decided in favor of the better part of valor.

And meanwhile the fortunate few—few only in comparison to the vast throngs in street—who filled every place in the court where a human being could stand, awaited the coming of the prisoner and the witness. There was the usual buzz of tongues, the usual consumption of sandwiches and sherry—for, whether at Church festival, funeral, trial, or execution, nothing can destroy the English capacity for the disposition of these standard commodities—the usual declaration from the ladies that it was insufferably hot, the usual remarks from the same quarter on the dress of other ladies, and conjectures as to what the accused would wear. All Mayfair seemed to be present. The Golden Book had poured its units into the dingy Old Bailey Court, and faces never seen east of Temple Bar shone wherever one looked, like radiant flowers in some dingy booth.

At length—late, of course, every one said, but, in truth, on the stroke of ten—the Judge and counsel came in, the latter fighting their way to their places. But no one cared for Lord Carburne or his attendant satellites. They were looking for the prisoner and the witness.

Vera entered the court with a firm step and erect carriage, not even leaning on her faithful attendant. She was dressed entirely in black, and wore no veil, so that her beautiful features, marble pale, but perfectly composed, were distinctly visible; and she took her place in the dock without any outward tremor, and looked round the throng of faces with a swift but steady gaze. Perhaps she was testing her own courage; for, in truth, though time and the constant presence of the subject in her mind might, in some measure, have prepared her for this ordeal, it was far worse than that which she had faced at the Bow Street Police-court. For now she was among those who knew her—who moved in her sphere; it was like some awful dream—another *Inferno*, peopled with the phantoms of a lost life. She saw Lady Landport, Lord Cascelles, Lady Kynaston, Lord Sydney Tollemache, Mrs. Gresham-Faulkner, Percy Everest, twenty others whom that quick keen glance had taken in; and then she knew that Vivian Devereux would be there—would have to speak against her—and this was the bitterest suffering of all. But it should not make her falter or fail.

In the pause after the accused had entered, Adeline Gresham-Faulkner bent down to Everest, and whispered—

"Is it not strange that she has no gloves—and still wears Sir Vivian's ring?"

The answer showed the truth that to the cruel nature conventional courtesy is only a thin veneer. Even Adeline shrank from the brutal sneer.

"Why not wear it? No other ring of his will ever be placed on her finger."

Almost as the words passed his lips, Vivian Devereux came into court. The slight changes that had served to disguise him were gone; and, as those who had known him gazed on his striking countenance, they marvelled how it was they had never pierced what seemed so thin a veil, and recalled again with renewed wonder how marvellously he had played his part, never suffering a look to betray him, even contriving so to change the tones of a peculiar voice that those most struck by its likeness to Chandos-Devereux's would not have said it was his.

Everest dared not meet Vivian's eyes; he felt that they were fixed on him for a moment; but he looked another way, presently glancing covertly towards the man in whose very presence—prisoner though he still was—he trembled with a vague fear. Vivian sat with locked stern features and eyes bent down, showing no emotion to delight sensational reporters or prying curiosity, and apparently haughtily indifferent to the close scrutiny of which he was the object.

Neither face nor attitude changed during the repetition of the story of Marmaduke Devereux's death, which Vera's counsel gave briefly but exhaustively. At the close the Attorney-General drew a long breath, glanced at Vivian Devereux, and turned to the Judge.

"I must now, my lord," he said, "call Sir Vivian Chandos-Devereux."

Vivian rose, amid a silence so profound that the thronged court might have been a city of the dead, and entered the witness-box. Could he forgive Vera Calderon that she had forced him before the whole world to bear witness against her? He did not look at her, perhaps dared not, or even the iron control he had put on himself might have shivered like glass.

"Sir Vivian Devereux," said the Attorney-General, "I am truly grieved to be obliged to call you, and will detain you as short a time as possible; but I must beg you to answer me one or two questions."

Vivian only bowed, and took the oath in a clear steady tone, and without any sign of hesitation. The Attorney-General proceeded.

"According to your statement, Sir Vivian, at the inquest on your brother at Chandos Royal, the dagger with which the murder was committed was in a drawer in the red library at Chandos Royal. Do you know if your brother was aware of its being in that place?"

Would he say "No," and cast a doubt on Vera's evidence? How easy the lie—how terrible the temptation! The musical voice reached clearly the farthest of the intent crowd.

"I cannot tell; he may have known it."

"Can you conceive any possible reason for his having abstracted it and carried it with him to Temple Rest?"

"None whatever. He did not go to Temple Rest to commit a crime, but simply to see Miss Calderon. According to her own statement, he did not even threaten her."

"But he was a passionate man. Can you not conceive that he might have seized this dagger, being ready to his hand, in case perhaps he met you, you having at the time parted with him with an anger on both sides, or even with an intention—afterwards abandoned—of threatening Miss Calderon?"

"The first would be possible; the second, if not actually impossible, utterly improbable."

The Attorney-General's brow clouded. The answers sounded strange in the light of the witness's own position. If he was himself guilty, their purpose was explained; but, if not, why not say more—why not strive to show that Vera Calderon might have had reason to fear for her life? After a pause—

"What, then, Sir Vivian, is your impression with regard to Sir Marmaduke's possession of that dagger? Pardon me, I am compelled to ask you these questions."

The witness bowed; and now, for the first time, a flush rose to his face, but it passed quickly.

"I am not able, Sir John," he said calmly, "to answer your question directly, because it is based on what is to me an hypothesis. I do not believe that my brother had the dagger alluded to."

Sensation! Heavens, was he going to confess after all that he was guilty? Some of the ladies nearly fainted; others contemplated hysterics. Vivian stood motionless.

It was the Judge who spoke next.

"Is the Court to understand, Sir Vivian, that you have no belief in this portion of the prisoner's statement?"

"I have no belief in any part of that statement, my lord, except one—which, as I understand I shall be presently questioned regarding it, I need not mention now. I believe that the prisoner is sacrificing herself for a noble and generous motive, and that she is wholly guiltless of the crime of which she has accused herself. I am glad to have this opportunity of publicly affirming that I have not, and never had for one moment, any doubt of the prisoner's innocence. I say this in the full knowledge that I shall seem to be simply endeavoring to shield her, while I have no sufficient courage and honesty to confess my own guilt. Be it so. Of this matter I have no right to speak further. I was called as a witness, and I trust that in my answer to a difficult question I have not transgressed the limits of my position."

It was impossible that this statement should fail to cause a profound impression; and the greatest excitement for a time prevailed. The applause which broke out irrepressibly from some was however promptly suppressed; others gave to the witness's words the interpretation he had challenged; but among his peers there was a thrill and murmur of emotion far deeper than mere admiration for the chivalrous faith of the noble Devereux; and the belief in his own innocence was strengthened. Deceived he might be in the woman he so loved and trusted, but coward and traitor—never.

The jurymen, when they had recovered their first amazement, looked at the prisoner, at the witness, at each other. What was their impression? Vivian's heart sank as his dark eyes scanned their faces; they seemed to think that, guiltless himself, the witness was either deceived in Vera Calderon or trying to shelter her at the cost of truth. She leaned against the side of the dock, with her hands tightly locked. She was battling against the agony that was surely mastering her—battling for at least temporary victory.

It was some moments before the Attorney-General spoke again. When he did, his voice was not as steady as before.

"I have only one more question to ask you, Sir Vivian, and that is with reference to the words alleged by the prisoner to have been uttered by Sir Marmaduke in his dying moments. Can you throw any light upon this matter?"

Ah, if he could but answer "No"—if he could but cast the shadow of doubt on this also! Yet he still answered calmly. Even the torture to his proud and sensitive nature of laying bare the wounds of his inner life was forgotten in the overpowering knowledge that from his lips must come the words that might turn the scale against her—his hand condemn where his heart acquitted. And yet it was better for her that, being questioned, he should speak than refuse to answer.

"Those words," he said, "were my own. I uttered them in my last interview with my brother. He reproached me, and challenged me if he had not good cause to hate me. It was then I gave him that answer, which, in his last moments must have recurred to his mind."

"You are certain as to the actual words?"

"Quite certain."

"Now, Sir Vivian, did you at any time repeat to the prisoner all or anything that passed in the interview?"

"No."

"You are sure of this—quite sure?"

There was a pause. Was he struggling with temptation, or only for self-command? His eyes were bent down, his teeth clenched like a vice; he was wrestling with himself as men wrestle together in the last close silent death-grip. The strong will conquered still and he lifted his eyes.

"Sir John, if I could truly say I had repeated those words to the prisoner, Heaven knows I would do it; but I cannot. They never passed my lips a second time."

Silence, deep, ominous, awe-struck. The same thought was in every heart in that court. Vivian Devereux—the prisoner's betrothed husband—who had for her sake thrown off his sheltering disguise, who had but five minutes before declared his steadfast belief in her innocence, had struck the last plank from under her, and with his own lips set his seal to the story those lips had pronounced false. It was reported of Sir John that he said he would rather have had to cut off his hand than ask the cruel question; though he had tried to hope that the reply would be at least ambiguous, and so influence the mind of the jury to acquit the prisoner. But he could only do his duty.

"Thank you, Sir Vivian," he said huskily. "I shall not need to ask you any more questions."

And Vivian returned to his place.

Then the Judge summed up—a brief masterly summing-up, by which it was evident that, if the verdict should be against the prisoner, the sentence would be a very light one.

The jury retired; and Percy Everest leaned forward and veiled his face as though in uncontrollable emotion. He could not, he felt, hide the lurking triumph in his eyes, for he deemed his vengeance secure. Yet, if Vera were condemned, Vivian Devereux would be free—free to seek the truth; and the triumph was dashed with dread that was almost fear.

In twenty minutes the jury returned, and Vera lifted her eyes. In that second that she read the verdict, that she knew the battle won, knew with a strange wild throb of joy that Vivian was free, her glance rested on the face of Adeline Gresham-Faulkner. Was the sacrifice crowned this day all in vain?

The formal question was put, and the answer given with an agitation rare in legal annals.

"We find Vera Cecil Marie Calderon guilty of the manslaughter of Marmaduke Geoffrey Devereux; but," added the foreman of the jury, "we recommend the prisoner most strongly to mercy, on account of the provocation received, and also on account of her youth, and because the evidence of the crime rests on her unsupported accusation."

A deep heavy groan rose from the throng.

but the prisoner never moved. How beautiful—oh, how beautiful she was in her unspeakable woe! Who could condemn a being so fair, so hapless?

Thrice had the Judge to pause before he could speak, and even then he faltered more than once.

"You have been convicted," he said, addressing the prisoner, "on your own confession, of manslaughter, under circumstances that have induced the jury—and I think most justly—to recommend you to mercy. In any case I should not have passed a severe sentence; and I have heartfelt pleasure in giving full weight to the recommendation of the jury. I shall therefore sentence you to six months' imprisonment as a first-class misdemeanant; and, if this should seem to some a milder sentence than is commensurate with the case, I must call to their remembrance that, in addition to the circumstances which called forth the recommendation of the jury, the high social position of the condemned, the culture and refinement that belong to that position, render the lightest punishment that the law can inflict more bitter than years of penal servitude to men and women of the criminal grade. For the rest"—again addressing the prisoner—"the repentance that led you to restore a man falsely accused to his rights shows that you stand in no need of anything I can say——"

He stopped abruptly, his voice failing him utterly. But the tension that had supported Vera Calderon was gone now; it had seemed of steel before; it snapped like a thread in the moment of dear-bought victory. One last struggle; she turned to the Judge—she would have thanked him. She lifted her hand, pressed it wildly to her mouth, and, with a half moan, half cry, fell forward in a deathly swoon.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Helen's Lovers.

BY S. WADDINGTON.

THE silvery grey of a summer dawn was spreading itself over the landscape, rendering soft and indistinct all familiar objects; yet, even seen by its dim uncertain light, he looked more like one grown permaturely old by reason of hard work or withering care, than as if he had merely passed from youth to age by the ordinary gentle gradations.

He had arrived at the neighboring town too late the evening before to catch the train to this little out-of-the-way hamlet, too late to do aught but seek a bed there; but after three or four hours, the restless craving to complete his journey so overpowered him, that he rose and pursued his way on foot. And now with the delicate light of early morn shivering the birches, and dimpling the waters of the stream, he stood at length where his feet had not rested for fifteen years. But these fifteen years, awful as they had been at the time, seemed but as a dream now, scarcely to be recalled on waking, as he stood thus looking at each well-remembered spot.

With a sigh, the wayfarer brought back his straying thoughts from past to present, and became aware that the sun had risen, the birds were chirping forth an early song, and the dewdrops were glitteering all around—on the rose crowned hedge by which he stood, on the sprays of eglantine, and on the far away green meadows that lay between Bythorpe and Bythorpe Manor, half-way up the wooded slopes opposite.

"At length I am home again," then he muttered; "at length," throwing his head back with a certain joyful gesture, and stretching out a rough, toil worn hand, as if in token of greeting—"at length the years are over—the work is accomplished—the punishment wrought out—and I am back to claim my prize! Ah!" starting slightly, as a voice addressed him with a brief "Good morning."

"Good morning, *sir*."

Something in the stranger's appearance apparently brought forth that "sir," which had not formed part of his original sentence, but was hastily added as he turned his head to see who had addressed him.

"You are about betimes," the new-comer went on. "It is not many of the gentry as troubles themselves with the sight of a summer sunrise"

"They miss much," said the stranger briefly. "Though perhaps to us, who possibly have seen it nearly every morning of our lives, it is a common affair enough!"

The farmer looked at the speaker in some surprise, and he added immediately; "I have not seen it myself for many years. You belong to Bythorpe," he went on, as if anxious to divert the conversation from any personal channels.

"Man and boy, I have lived here these fifty years. That is my farm," pointing with a proud, possessive air in the direction whence he had come; "Manor Farm."

"Then you are——" half escaped the lips of the other; but the words passed unnoted by his companion.

"Dick Stisted, of the Manor Farm," he repeated. "Mine now, as it was my father's before me, and will please God, be my son's by and by."

"A perfect life, Mr. Stisted. A home, a wife, and little ones. What could a man require more? But it may be I am detaining you?" he added suddenly.

"No, no," replied Mr. Stisted courteously, "I'm not pressed for time. Yonder house belongs to Squire Churchill. The young squire we calls him mostly about here, seeing that his father is dead not very long since."

"He is dead?"

"Ay, surely; and young Mr. Edward has come into the place, and married a bonnie wife, he has."

"The old Squire had a daughter, had he not?"

"Two. You know them?"

"I knew of them," the stranger replied evasively.

Pointing to a small white house that was hardly visible through the trees, he asked: "And to whom does that belong?"

"That house? Why to Mrs. Sutton, poor body."

"And why do you pity her?"

"You must be a stranger indeed, sir, to ask why!"

"Then please enlighten me. Tell me the story."

They had reached the stile now through which the farmer had first appeared upon the scene, and he paused at the stranger's words and rested his arms upon it.

"Story! It is a queer story. Almost too sad to call by such a name!——She was the doctor's wife, a sweet pretty woman as ever I saw, fifteen years ago, with a fair handsome boy, that she was proud on, that it would have done you good but to see the two together. He, the doctor himself, was a bit cross grained—leastways, so I've heard say—and all the more reason why the mother and son should think so much of one another.

"The father did not over like it; still, he was open-handed with the young man, educated him finely; sending him to school and college until it was easy seeing that the boy was beginning to think no small things of himself. 'Tis said he even lifted his eyes to one of Squire Churchill's daughters—leastways, at the least. She was but sixteen. Squire Churchill's daughters were not for such as he. However, this love-making, or whatever they chose to call, was only discovered afterwards, when everything was brought to light. And in the meantime the tragedy came."

"Well?" asked the stranger, leaning forward with interest on his face.

"A murder was committed here. Yes, you may well start. In this quiet village, where nothing was heard of out of the common from one year's end to another; in this village, in that lane where it joins Squire Churchill's grounds, the Squire's second son was found dead."

"And——?"

"And then, as I said before, it all came out about this young Sutton keeping company with Miss Churchill; for it seems the foolish young thing, not being able to see him elsewhere, had agreed to meet him in that very lane on that very night; for one of the farm laborers saw them part, and her run up through the meadows home, only a few minutes before heard a cry, and ran forward to find poor Master Harry lying there dead."

"Of course Mr. Sutton was taken up?"

"Of course, sir. But now comes the queer part of the story. For though he was tried, and it was proved most beautifully that he had killed Mr. Harry for telling him what he thought of his conduct, and was condemned to be hung, and was afterwards let off with transportation for fifteen years,—yet now it seems——"

"That it was not he, after all?"

"How did you guess that? The other day there comes the news that another man has confessed to the crime on his death-bed, so that, after all, young Sutton has suffered all these years for what was no fault of his. Leastways, so the young Squire told us, t'other day. His mother always believed in him," he went on, after a moment's pause. 'It will come right some day,' she often said to me; 'Mr. Stisted, it will come right some day. It is a miscarrying of justice.'

"His father died—could not lift up his head again; but his mother has patiently waited."

Something like a sob burst from his companion, and Farmer Stisted looked up in surprise.

"I have heard something of this," he said in a stammering fashion, in answer to the look. "I knew this man—that is, I have met him."

"And what was he like? and was he minded to forget the past, and return to England?"

"He was a saddened, sobered man when I knew him, with only one hope left, out of the many life had once offered; and he was going home."

"And what was the hope, if I may make so bold as to ask? Perhaps he knew his mother had never believed the evil, and was waiting for him?"

"Maybe; but he did not speak of her, perhaps because he was so sure of her. He told me that the last night before he left England you know——?" the farmer nodded "that he had an interview with——"

"Yes, yes," interrupted Mr. Stisted; "we heard all about it, though it was kept so dark. It was Miss Helen, bless you, the little yellow-haired Miss Churchill. Sixteen years ago nearly, so it's no harm in speaking of it now—and all so changed since! Well, she saw him to say 'Good bye.'

"Yes, so this man told me; and that they parted, she saying that, let her people say or do what they might, she would await his return in perfect trust and patience."

"A pity he did not give his love to the other sister," remarked Mr. Stisted, "if all stories are to be believed."

"Why?"

"Because she was in love with him always; and plain though she was, Miss Jane was a good, true woman, and has never lifted her head or looked at another man since those sad days."

"Is that really true?"

"No call to misdoubt it, sir; anyone in the village will tell you the same story; and as I said before, 'twas a pity, seeing that everything had worked round right, that it was not on Miss Jane as he set his affections; for being so plain, as you might say, mayhap there would not have been such a great objection to his having her."

The stranger made no reply, apparently being lost in thought over Farmer Stisted's last words. And he continued:

"He would not have been such a bad match in those days, for her, at least; for he was a fine gallant-looking young chap, with a pleasant word for everyone. But come, it is time I was back at the farm. Perhaps you would like a bit of breakfast with us, sir? There'll be but little doing in the village yet awhile, and my wife will be glad to see you."

The stranger accepted the proffered hospitality, and he and the farmer turned away together.

Maggie proved quite as hospitable as her husband had predicted, and when breakfast had been partaken of, and Mr. Stisted had gone out to his work, the stranger dawdled on about the pleasant farm garden long enough for the day's work to be well in hand, and then he wished his hostess "Good bye," and with quick, impatient steps took his way to the village.

Once there he walked straight to the footpath across the meadows that led from Bythorpe village to Bythorpe Manor; but at the entrance-gate he paused, and gazed with tender eyes at the little house on the opposite side of the road, that exactly faced him—the little creeper-covered cottage where the Doctor's widow lived.

He even made one half-step towards it; but "No," he murmured, "*she* comes first. We will go there together."

But still he lingered, as if longing to pierce the mystery of those drawn blinds, and even as he thus paused, there was the sound of horses' feet and there came in view, down the narrow street, a carriage drawn by two fine chestnuts.

Before it, the village children fell hastily back, and, standing on one side, gazed with mingled awe and admiration.

And assuredly it was a sight that called forth admiration, for everything seemed so perfect: the carriage itself, the prancing horses, the fair haired girl, so like the young lovely mother by whose side she sat, the two little golden headed children opposite. There was surely no fault to be found anywhere.

Only to a wayfarer standing by the roadside gazing at them, the sun seemed of a sudden to be darkened in heaven, the earth to have lost the beauty of a summer's morn.

"Helen!" he cried in tones of anguish wrung from a breaking heart, but she did not hear.

She saw him, of course, for she was looking at him, wondering maybe, who this stranger was in familiar little Bythorpe. But that was all.

The dust from the carriage-wheels made thick the air for a moment, and when it had cleared away the vision had vanished.

"Who is it?" he questioned when he could command his voice, turning to a villager by his side.

"You lady? Lady Edmeade. She's going to Lunnon. She was a daughter of the old Squires a," he added, "and married Sir Wilfred Edmeade."

"Has she been married long?"

"Let us see now. 'Twill be fourteen years come August, for it was the same day I mind well, as my youngest was born. Eh, but she has bonnie children," he murmured as he turned away.

And Robert Sutton found himself alone in the bright early sun, scarcely four hours since he had saw it rise for what was to have been the happiest day of his life, and already the end had come.

He waited thus, reviewing this ending of the romance, for a few seconds; thinking of the sunny-haired, broken-hearted girl, who had clung to him those long, long years ago, the tears streaming down her cheeks.

"I believe in you, Robert. Whatever the world may say, I believe in you. Only swear to me that you will credit nothing against me that you may hear, for I will be true to you. And oh Robert, directly you are free, come straight to me. I will wait, though it be for years!"

And he had kissed her and swore it.

Now the oath was fulfilled—his part of it, at least; he had come back.

Then, those few brief seconds over, he crossed the little dusty road, passed the village school, whence issued the sound of many children's voices singing the morning hymn, and entered the low cottage opposite, and knelt with a great tearless sob at the feet of an old blind woman, who, putting out a withered hand, and stroking softly the curls so thickly strewn with gray, murmured:

"My son, my son! Have you come, then, at last? Ah! it has been weary waiting; but I lived on, for I knew the truth must be known some day, and that then you would come home."

A CHINESE LETTER.

THE following is the style of the usual Chinese letter of the complimentary order: From a Friend to a Friend—"Throughout our long separation, anxiety for your welfare has never ceased to hang around your servant's heart. He thirsts very much to see you again; and now, learning from your jeweled tablet that your chariot has returned to its palatial mansion, he would implore you ten thousand not to be sparing of your jade, but to let your brightness descend upon his rush hut, that you and he may once more talk with fingers beneath the Silver River. Alas! your unworthy menial is drawing near the wood. His hand the clothes and his little dog have already prepared for him the planks and robes of old age, and will shortly be wandering upon the Terrace of Night. He therefore prays you to speedily illuminate his humble abode, and remove the approach of the Autumn fan." The "jewelled tablet" is, of course, the letter previously received by the writer from his friend, and is only one among a host of similar metaphors applied in the same sense. The "chariot' is the friend himself, and his "palatial mansion" might very possibly be nothing more than a "two-pair back," or the equivalent of some such humble lodging, as Chinese houses very rarely rise more than one story above the ground. "Ten thousand" is merely an intensive, answering to "on no account;" but to "spare jade" is an ellipse for "to spare one's jade footsteps," the complimentary word "jade," or a similar term, being invariably inserted when writing or speaking of anybody else's belonging. Thus, a person's wife is "the precious lady," his father "the honored venerable," his son "the honored gentleman," his daughter "the honored loved one," often "the honored 10,000 ounces of gold," as indicative of her great value; and even if a man has the stomach-ache it is absolutely necessary to speak of it to him as his "worshipful complaint." I may here mention that a common nickname for one's own daughter, or girls in general, is "loss-money-goods," from the fact that a daughter always carries money in the shape of a dowry from her own to a stranger's family, this process being, of course, reversed in the case of sons. But to proceed. It is impossible, according to all laws of epistolary and conversational etiquette in China, to address any one but an inferior in the second person. I have put "your brightness" for the sake of making it clear to the reader that the meaning is "you;" the original would contain but the single word "brightness." The "rush hut" is, of course, antithetical to the "palatial mansion;" to "talk with fingers" is an elegant expression for "playing at chess," and the "Silver River" is better known to Europeans as the "Milky way." "Unworthy menial" stands for the pronoun "I," and to "draw near the wood" is but another form of our own "one foot in the grave," the term "wood" by metonymy for the coffin. A "hand the clothes" is a common book term for a wife, from her supposed duties as *femme de chambre* to her husband; its use, however, is more illustrative of a theory than a system actually in practice among the Chinese. So "little dog" is said deprecatingly of one's own son; and the "planks and robes of old age" are the boards and grave clothes that will moulder with the body to dust in its last resting-place, "the Terrace of Eternal Night." Everything connected with the grave is spoken of as part of an imaginary "old age," which two words may be seen conspicuous in the shop sign of every Chinese undertaker.

The obsequies of the Countess Montijo, mother of the ex Empress Eugenie, were attended by all the distinguished people in Madrid. Eugenie since her arrival at Madrid received nobody. The late Countess Montijo was very popular. Through her ball rooms had passed all the beauty and magnificence of Spain. Her social tact was unrivaled. She was perfectly unaffected and extremely witty. Her palace, both at Madrid and at Caramanchel, was the centre of the very highest society, and her death robbed the royal nuptials of almost their brightest attraction.

Rosenburg, the London blackguard who libeled Mrs. Langtry and Mrs. West and went to jail eighteen months therefor, would have suffered several other indictments but for his wife's intercession for mercy from the ladies he had abused.

Prince Bismarck gets low and says that not all his great doings have made himself and others any the happier.

DAISIES.

BY DORA GOODALE.

The hills are faint in a cloudy blue,
That loses itself where the sky bends over,
The wind is shaking the orchard through,
And sending a quiver through knee deep clover.

The air is sweet with a strange perfume,
That comes from the depth of the woodland places,
The fields are hid in a wealth of bloom,
And white with the sweep of the ox-eye daisies.

And further down, where the brook runs through,
Where the ferns are cool in the prisoned shadow,
We still may see through the morning dew,
The swell and dip of the daisied meadow.

And then when the wind across it blows,
And the wavering lines of silver follow,
We catch the gleam of her heart of gold,
While over her skims the fleet-winged swallow.

Clear and simple in white and gold,
Meadow blossom of sunlit spaces:
The field is full as it well can hold,
And white with the drift of the ox-eyed daisies.

The Spectre Pilot.

BY HEMERA.

AN old whale ship, one afternoon, raised her battered boom to catch the rays of the setting sun.

A thick glaze of ice covered every part of her from keel to rail—from truck to deck. Even the ropes and rails were partially stiffened with it.

Her whole appearance showed the rough usage she had sustained among the floes and storms of the Antarctic.

But little of her bulwarks on either side remained. They had been stove in and splintered in many places.

The paint on her side was worn away; long streaks of rust extended above and below her fore, main, and mizen chains, and her hull was bruised and battered from bow to stern.

All these things gave to her an appearance that was almost unearthly, and which harmonized well with her name, the Flying Dutchman, painted on her stern. She was, however, not the Flying Dutchman about which everyone has read, and her captain was the good Simon Pearl—a stern, matter-of-fact personage, who believed not in the idle story.

The old water dogs shook their heads solemnly when they read the name upon Pearl's vessel as she lay off the dock waiting for men. The Portuguese sailor and the Spaniard crossed themselves when they saw it; and, in fact, all agreed that no good luck would ever attend a craft bearing the awful name of the Flying Dutchman.

But Captain Pearl refused to change the name.

At last he succeeded in shipping a crew, many of whom were green hands, and the vessel sailed, the captain carrying with him his pretty niece, Mabel—a rosy, bright eyed damsel of twenty, who was an orphan, and who had accompanied her uncle on a previous voyage.

Pearl had a doctor on board—a good-looking young man of twenty five, named George Lossing—who, the moment he saw Mabel and conversed with her, decided that she would make an excellent wife.

In fact, she was so intelligent, so modest, and, with all her charming vivacity, so plainly showed the "house-wifery" faculty in her neat management of the cabin, and in a certain demureness of manner, that she charmed the doctor.

In spite of her ominous name, the ship, although meeting with many narrow escapes in the Antarctic Ocean, and although frozen in the ice for months, had excellent luck in the whaling line.

On this afternoon, in 1858, she was bound home, full of whale and seal oil, which would bring a rich harvest to Pearl, (who was her owner as well as her captain,) provided she reached her destined port in safety. Would she so reach it?

This was the question often propounded by her crew.

Some of them were of the opinion that she never would, on account of her name, and all felt a little uneasy on the subject.

On dark nights, when the wind was howling around the craft, driving the ice before it, the watch would shrug their shoulders and peer through the gloom, as if every moment expecting to behold some spectral vessel flying past them, or ranging alongside.

But the ship had now shaken off the last grinding mass of ice from her sides, and an illimitable extent of clear water, glistening in the rays of the sinking sun, stretched before her.

Down in the cabin sat Mabel and the doctor, watching the red light coming in through the window.

The girl has just promised to be George's wife, and he held both her hands in his.

"The sky is without a cloud," she said, softly. "I feel as if this is emblematical of our future."

"We will look upon it as a happy augury," he replied. "Of course there will be clouds—there always are in married life—but I trust they will be light ones—as thin as the mist, and as easily dissipated."

"Oh, George," said Mabel, her eyes shining, "what cloud is there in this world that love cannot dispel?"

Her smooth, round face looked so pretty when she said this that the young man could not help putting an arm about her waist and kissing her glowing cheek.

In due time the vessel arrived in the vicinity of the Cape of Good Hope. The face of some of the sailors then wore a solemn look.

It was in this locality that the fabled phantom craft, the Flying Dutchman, was said to have been seen.

Captain Pearl's crew predicted that now the ship's "bad luck" would commence, on account of that unfortunate name on her stern.

As if to verify this prediction, one of them fell from the fore-yard and was badly hurt. Another, soon after, was taken so ill that it was feared he would die. True, the young doctor cured him in a few hours, but his shipmates insisted there was a bad look in his eyes—that he was not at all the "same person" as before.

On that very day, at night, a boat, in which the carpenter had been at work repairing the cabin window shutter, was left towing astern.

The captain's pipe, as he leaned from the window smoking, dropped into the boat. He got into the latter to pick it up, when the pin to which the warp was fastened, and which was somewhat worn, gave way as he drifted off in the darkness.

His absence was not discovered until hours after, when a fruitless search was made for him in the darkness.

Just before daylight, however, a boat, with a man in it, was dimly seen approaching from the direction of the land, which was not a league distant, off the weather-beam.

But they were mistaken.

It proved to be the captain. As he sculled the boat under the stern of the ship, when she was hove to, instead of alongside, it was noticed that he had a roll of canvas, which had been in the light craft, spread out so as to cover nearly all the thwarts.

After he had sent forward the men, who were staring over the rail at him, some of them apparently surprised, if not disappointed, that their superstitious prediction of his loss was not fulfilled, he stated that his boat had drifted ashore, where he had remained to watch for his ship to wear round, ere attempting to reach her.

A fortnight later, when fifteen miles south of Table Bay, and not far from land, the ship was struck by a terrific gale.

Almost upon her beam ends, with every timber cracking and groaning, away she went under shortened canvas, driven with terrific velocity towards the white breakers and the rocks, now not fifty fathoms ahead.

Aft stood George Lossing, the young doctor, with one arm supporting the trembling, affrighted Mabel, who clung closely to him.

"Oh, George! we are lost!" she said.

The men rushed for the boats.

"Back!" roared Captain Pearl. "No boat can live in this sea!"

Ere the crew, rendered desperate by their situation, could dash him to one side, a weird, unearthly voice suddenly rose, with ear-splitting shriek behind them, "Keep off—there at the wheel! Keep off, I say!"

Turning, the seamen were amazed, horrified to behold a strange being whom they had never seen before on the ship's quarter-deck.

This apparation, coming in so unexpected a manner, was dressed in a singular antique fashion, well calculated to arouse their superstitious fears.

He wore a high, brown, sugar-loafed hat; a jerkin, around which was a leather belt; broad breeches, with two rows of buttons on each side, and which were gathered at the knees; a pair of blue stockings, fitting tightly to the calfs; and long, pointed shoes with enormous buckles.

His face was in keeping with his ancient Dutch dress.

It was thin and aged, with two wild, gleaming eyes, a large, hooked nose, and was partially obscured by his streaming, tangled masses of white hair.

"It is the 'Flying Dutchman' himself!" cried one of the old Portuguese sailors.

"A pull on the weather braces!" cried the apparation. "Jump for your lives!"

There was magnetism in the voice, and the men now obeyed in spite of their fears.

The course of the ship was thus slightly changed.

The weird pilot, after a few more orders, took the helm himself; and, finally, to the surprise of all, guided the vessel into a sheltered bay amongst towering rocks, where she was safely anchored.

He then disappeared over the stern, and was never again seen by the awe-stricken crew!

On the next day, the gale having abated, the captain reached Cape Town, which was not far distant.

The appearance of the spectral visitor had not seemed to alarm either him or his officers; neither had it troubled Mabel or the doctor.

The truth of the matter was this. When the captain went ashore on the night he drifted from the ship, he found one of the Dutch inhabitants of the Cape on the beach. This person informed him that he was a fugitive; that for liberating a servant from a cruel master, his house had been attacked by a mob, and he had been obliged to fly for his life.

Besides his money, which was in notes, he had brought away with him in a bag the only things he could carry—the only valuables, in fact, that he possessed worth caring for. These were some old-fashioned Dutch clothes, which had belonged to one of his ancestors, and some articles of modern attire.

He begged Captain Pearl to take him aboard his ship and conceal him. He would rather the crew should not know he was aboard, as there might be those amongst them to inform against him when the vessel reached Cape Town, where he hoped to find a German craft in which he could take passage for his native land.

The captain complied with his request, hiding him in the boat by throwing the canvas there over him.

Subsequently the fugitive was got through the cabin window into the cabin, though not without having been seen by Mabel, the doctor, and the officers, who, however, promised to keep the secret.

On the night of the storm, hearing of the vessel's danger, he declared he would save her, as he was acquainted with every nook and corner of that coast, having once been a pilot there, and knew of a safe bay where the craft could anchor.

In order that the crew might not guess the truth when he should appear before them, he hit upon the ruse of donning his ancestor's ancient Dutch garments; for, having heard of their superstitious fears about the name of the ship, he doubted not the crew would, on seeing him thus attired, mistake him for the veritable "Flying Dutchman" in person.

After saving the vessel, the passenger, by means of a dangling rope, descended from the stern rail to the cabin window, through which he was helped by the captain into the cabin.

On arriving at Cape Town, Pearl contrived at night to convey him secretly in a boat to the shore, and on the next day he took passage aboard a home-bound German craft, in the harbor.

NICE DISTINCTIONS.—An old Highlander, reproached by his pastor for absenting himself from church on Sabbath morning, denied the charge, repeating the denial so emphatically, that the puzzled minister asked him if he would offer his oath that he was there that morning. "To be sure," was the unabashed one's answer; and the minister said no more. A friend of the false speaking Highlander told him it was awful to hear him offer his oath to such a lie. "Hoot, toot, man," quoth Donald. "Isn't there a great difference between offering a thing and giving it?" . . . . When a party of Paisley weavers, anxious to cross the Clyde from Greenock to Duncon one Sunday morning, desired the Captain of a Rothesay steamer to take their boat in tow, as they did not care to profane the day by using their oars, the Captain wanted to know where was the difference between employing their oars and employing the steamer's paddles. "The difference!" exclaimed the spokesman of the conscientious crew. "There's a great difference between rowing by the power o' man, who must answer for what he does, an' a wheel-turning engine; a steam-engine's not a moral being, an' is therefore not an accountable agent." A specious argument certainly; but one much more easy to answer than that advanced by a farm servant, willing enough to milk her master's cows on the Sabbath, but firm in refusing to feed them on that day. Drawing a nice metaphysical distinction between what are and are not works of necessity, the shrewd lass said: 'The cows canna milk themselves, so to milk them is a clear work of necessity; but let them out to the fields, and they'll feed themselves."

ANCIENT CHURCH SEATS.—Perhaps the most curious thing about St. Phillip's Chapel in Winchester, England, are the ancient stall-seats now fixed to the wall of the ante-chapel. These have their seats so arranged upon the hinges that those who sit in them can maintain their position only by balancing themselves with care, and resting their elbows on the seat arms; so that if the monks who used them dropped asleep during Divine service, the seats came forward and pitched them headlong on to the floor; nay, if they only dozed and nodded, the hard oaken seats clapped against the hard oaken back, and made noise enough to attract the attention of the whole congregation. Nothing was ever more cleverly contrived to keep people awake at church.

There is little variation shown in the styles of fashionable shoes. The easy-walking shoe with uppers of fine kid, foxed with strong morocco, promises to wear well. Boots with uppers of fine serge and armure are made for the house wear and for walking in dry weather. The fancy in fine boots is to have the buttons match those of the dress.

Scientific and Useful.

STEEL AND IRON.—It is important in workshop manipulation to remember that if a piece of cast steel be made red hot and quenched in cold water it will become longer; but if the same operation be performed upon a piece of wrought iron it will become shorter.

CUTTING THE HAIR.—Cutting the hair does not, as commonly thought, promote its growth. Most of the specifics recommended for baldness, not excepting petroleum, are mere stimulants, and are seldom or never permanently successful. Some of them give rise to congestion of the scalp. When a stimulant is desirable, ammonia is the best. It is safe.

INSOLUBLE GLUE.—Soften glue in cold water and melt it in the water bath to form a very thick paste. To this add good glycerine in quantity equal to the dry glue taken, and continue the heating to expel as much of the water as possible. This may be cast on a marble slab to cool, and melted for use as required. This is not soluble in alcoholic liquids.

TO TAKE CASTOR OIL.—The following will be found a pleasant way to take castor oil: Put a teaspoonful of hot milk into a broad-necked phial which has stood in hot water, then put in the quantity of castor oil and another spoonful of hot milk; cork up the bottle, and shake it for two or three minutes, then turn it out into a hot cup or glass, and the patient will not know that there is any oil in the milk.

BLACK LACQUER.—A black lacquer for metal or wood may be made as follows: Nine parts of shellac are dissolved in fifty parts of methylated spirits, and set aside for a few days. Then ten parts of pulverized asphaltum are dissolved in fifty parts coal-tar benzine. Both liquids being mixed, a sufficient quantity of lampblack is added to give it the required density. When necessary, it may be diluted with a mixture of alcohol and benzine.

TO CLEANSE BOTTLES.—Dissolve one ounce of chloride of lime in one quart of water, and fill the bottles with the liquid; set them aside for several days, and rinse them well with water. The water of the chloride of lime can be used several times. For bottles which are not very dirty, use one part of muriatic acid diluted with three parts of water. Sawdust put into bottles, and some water added will clean well, especially such bottles as have contained oil.

NASAL RESPIRATION.—The influence of nasal respiration on the ear, is illustrated by the author of "The North American Indians." Among 2 000 000 Indians be found not one that was deaf or breathed through the mouth, except three or four deaf mutes, and in the memory of the chiefs of 150 tribes not one case of deafness could be remembered to have occurred. This is explained by the mother always closing the mouth of the child whenever it attempted to breathe through it.

Farm and Garden.

DRIVING HORSES.—Many a fine horse is ruined by driving him too fast immediately after a hearty meal. If the journey must be resumed without delay, the horse should be driven slowly for half an hour or more, when the speed may be increased. A good horse should not be ruined by the carelessness of an injudicious driver.

FARMER'S SCHOOLS.—There are many things which ought to be taught in our public schools that we now ignore. In every school in the farming districts there should be a system of book-keeping, adapted to farm accounts, practically illustrated, and so simple in its theories that it would fill the necessities of every farmer, who ought not to be afraid of figures.

PROPORTIONS OF FOOD.—A milch cow, on the average, requires daily three per cent. of her weight in hay to keep her in health; an ox two per cent, or two and a half per cent if working moderately. An ox fatting, five per cent. at first, and four and a half per cent. when half fat; sheep three and a half per cent to keep in store order. If other food is substituted for hay, or a part of it, its comparative value as nutriment must be ascertained. Thus, eight pounds of potatoes are equal to four pounds of good hay, while eight pounds of turnips are only equal to one and three-fifths pounds of hay.

TRYING LARD.—Cut the fat in small pieces, put into the kettle, and pour in enough water to cover the bottom; boil gently until the "scrapes" settle, or until the water has all evaporated, stirring often to prevent burning. Take off, strain into stone jars, and set in a cool place. The quality of the lard is improved by sprinkling over and slowly stirring in one tablespoonful of soda to every five gallons of lard, just before removing from the fire. The leaf should be tried by itself for the nicest cooking. That from the smaller intestines and the flabby pieces, not fit for salting, should be tried by themselves, and the lard set away where it will freeze, and by spring the strong taste will be gone. A teacupful of water prevents burning while trying.

BUTTER.—An important invention in England has been announced; that of preserving butter without salt, in ordinary kegs, even when freely exposed to the air. By a new process samples of fresh butter purposely not carefully freed of their buttermilk, were found, on the addition of about eight per cent. of borax, to maintain their natural fine flavor, without the least change whatever for upward of three months. To attain this satisfactory result it is necessary that the borax should be perfectly dry and in very fine powder, and care must be taken to insure its thorough mixture with the whole mass of the butter operated on. Among the further advantages of this plan, it is noted that borax imparts no flavor of any kind to the butter, while it is entirely harmless in its nature, and also reasonably cheap.

HOME MADE FLOWER-POTS.—Save the tin fruit cans and convert them into tasteful flower pots in the following manner: With a can-opener cut off any rough or projecting portions of the cover, leaving a narrow rim to project inward. With a pair of pliers, or a small hammer, bend this rim down. This gives firmness to the top of the can. Punch three or four small holes through the bottom of the can, then paint with varnish made of gum shellac dissolved in alcohol, and colored with lampblack and a little yellow ochre to give a dark brown color. The cans may be ornamented by pasting on them little medallion figures or pictures. They are handsomer than the ordinary flower pots, require less watering, and keep the plants free from all insects, owing to the presence of iron rust in the can.

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SATURDAY EVENING, DEC. 18, 1879

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SELF-KNOWLEDGE.

TO know one's self, one would think, would be no very difficult lesson;—for who, you will say, can be truly ignorant of himself and the true disposition of his own heart? If a man thinks at all, he cannot be a stranger to what passes there;—he must be conscious of his own thoughts—he must remember his past pursuits, and the true springs and motives which in general have directed the actions of his life; he may hang out false colors and deceive the world, but how can a man deceive himself? That a man can is evident, because he daily does so. Though man is the only creature endowed with reflection, and consequently qualified to know the most of himself, yet so it happens that he generally knows the least. Of all the many revengeful, covetous, false, and ill-natured persons whom we complain of in the world, though we all join in the cry against them, what man amongst us signals out himself as a criminal, or ever once takes into his head that he adds to the number? What other man speaks so often and so vehemently against the vice of pride, sets the weakness of it in a more odious light, or is more hurt with it in another, than the proud man himself? Most of us are quite aware of, and pretend to detest, the barefaced instances of that hypocrisy by which men deceive others; but few of us are upon our guard or see the more fatal hypocrisy by which we deceive and overreach our own hearts.

LOVE is proverbially blind; but a girl loses nothing if she allows a little common sense to mix with it. Many a girl has had her whole happiness for life destroyed because she obstinately chose to form her estimate of the character of a suitor exclusively by his behavior towards her, and his professions of love, rather than by his conduct towards others. It is a pretty safe rule that a man whose whole life is but an exemplification of selfishness will not long continue generous in relation to his wife. Character is seldom revolutionized by marriage. There may be a slight reform temporarily; it rarely lasts long. And men suffer as well as women from ill-assorted marriages. Many a towering ambition has been crushed, many a cupful of happiness has been converted into the dregs of bitterness, from the neglect of a young man to become thoroughly acquainted with a girl before taking this most important step in life.

LOOK into large families, and you will find some one false, paltry tale bearer, who by carrying stories from one to another, shall inflame the minds and discompose the quiet of the family. And from families pass to towns or cities; and two or three pragmatical, intriguing, meddling fellows (men of business, some call them), by the venom of their tongues, shall set the whole neighborhood together by the ears. Where men practice falsehood, there will be perpetual suspicions, evil surmisings, doubts and jealousies, which, by souring the minds of men, are the bane and pest of society; for society is built upon trust, and trust upon the confidence that men have of one another's integrity.

SANCTUM CHAT.

A FRENCH statist has come to the conclusion, after a very laborious examination of the number of deaths from railway accidents in all parts of the world, that if a person were to live continually in a railway carriage, and spend all his time in traveling, the chances in favor of his dying from a railroad accident would not occur until he was nine hundred and sixty years old.

—

THE value of a cab horse in Paris which, from accident or age, is no longer useful for business purposes, is estimated at about $13 50 apportioned as follows: Skin, $2.73; hair, 20 cents; blood, $1.25; nails, two cents; shoes, 38 cents; viscera, 22 cents; tendons, six cents; intestines, 30 cents; grease, $1; bones, 45 cents; flesh, $7. The ultimate destiny of the skin is the tan-pit, the tendons are used for glue, the feet for oil, the bones for animal black, the blood for Prussian blue, while the horseflesh finds its place in the cheap restaurants.

—

ONE of the elegant novelties of the hour now offered for sale on the Paris boulevards is phosphorescent flowers, which glow with a lambent light in the dark, and rival their natural tints. They are rendered luminous by coating the petals with transparent size, and then dusting them with a phosphorescent such as Canton phosphorus. A good quality can be made by mixing 48 parts of flowers of sulphur with 58 parts of calcined oyster-shells and raising them to a temperature between 800 and 900 degrees centigrade in a crucible.

—

LONDON was never remarkable for the beauty of its architecture, and now an additional horror is being added to the ugliness of the city. It has become fashionable to paint the outsides of houses a bright color, and, as every one exercises his own discretion and taste, it is not unusual to see a green, a red, and a blue house alongside of one another. It is possible that the gloomy skies of London require bright colors to enliven the streets, but it would be advisable to restrain the inartistic zeal of landlords by giving each street a different color, and obliging the inhabitants to confine themselves to it.

—

NOWHERE in the world save, perhaps, Brighton, England, does such a lavish use of powder prevail as in Italy. We thought the Neapolitan ladies had reached the last possible limit of its use when we saw them going boldly about looking like ghastly masks, through which looked burning eyes. But it remained to go to Venice to see the Neapolitans outdone, for where the Neapolitan only whitens her face, the Venetian covers herself with it from head to foot, so that hair, eyebrows, face, dress, and sometimes even the flounces of her skirt are as white as were the masqueraders in the "Miller's Pretty Daughter."

—

THE Commune of Oberammergau has built a new theatre for the representations of "The History of the Sufferings and Death of Jesus," which will be given in the famous valley next year. The part for the spectators will accommodate between five and six thousand persons. Exactly as in the great theatre built for the Wagner festival at Beyreuth, the orchestra will be placed quite out of view of the spectators. The number of persons who will be engaged in the performance, including children, will be between 650 and 700. Of these, nineteen will be actors and solo singers. The orchestra will consist of thirty performers. Almost the entire population of the city will have some share in these representations.

—

THERE are now fifty girls among the students of Cornell University, and thirteen of them are freshmen. Michigan University has 122 women students, and its President says of the experiment of educating the sexes together: "After our nine years' experience in co-education, we have become so accustomed to see women take up any kind of university work, carry it on successfully, graduate in good health, cause no embarrassment in the administration of the institution, and awaken no especial solicitude in the minds of their friends or of their teachers, that many of the theoretical discussions of co-education, by those who have had no opportunity to examine it carefully, read strangely to us here on the ground. It is a cause of sincere congratulation that, both in this country and Europe, the opportunities for women to obtain as extended an education as men are rapidly multiplying."

—

THE Chinese language does not seem to be in favor with the students at Harvard College, as the new catalogue of that institution shows that no student has begun the study of Chinese under the new professor, "with a salary of $200 a month." Perhaps this is owing to the fact that there are so many other courses to choose from at Cambridge. A glance at the enumeration of elective studies shows that students this year have their choice among no less than one hundred and forty-five courses, and this is exclusive of studies in the professional schools. It is a little singular that youth will prefer the dead to the living languages, especially when there are so many translations of all the classics.

—

THE luckless Sultan of Turkey has been subjected to an indignity that is usually restricted to less resplendent mortals. His butcher, baker and wine merchant have stopped sending supplies to the palace, on ridiculous plea that their bills are unpaid. It is not very long ago that the bowstring would have been the sole reply vouchsafed to this procedure, and even now it is difficult to understand how the recalcitrant tradesmen should have had the temerity to act as they have done. Perhaps they apapprehend that the sovereign's tenure of power is likely to be cut even shorter than that of his predecessor, and that the national treasury may, as heretofore, refuse to honor past imperial obligations. The incident is but a straw, but a straw that at this moment has a peculiar significance.

—

THE Chinese in California have begun to go. The steamer that sailed from San Francisco for Hong Kong on the 15th took 901 of them to their native land. The port statistics of San Francisco show that the arrivals of Chinese during the year ending November 1 were 6,138, and departures 8,146, of whom 6,229 went to China, and 2,517 to Honolulu, the excess of departures over arrivals being 1,618. It is estimated that there are 62,000 Chinese on the Pacific coast, which shows that this population is decreasing instead of increasing, for when the anti Chinese agitation was begun, a few years ago, the estimate was 100,000. The total number of Chinese arrivals for the twenty years ending December, 1878, was 230 430, and the departures and deaths 138 491. At this rate the Chinese will soon cease to trouble California workingmen.

—

A STAFF officer who was present at the battle of Ulundi tells of a curious circumstance, which accounts not only for the small loss of the English troops, who were there drawn up in square, but also to some extent for the far greater loss of the Zulus. It appears that the Zulus were armed with the Martini-Henrys taken at Isandula. These weapons they had tried, and, having observed that the bullet went further when the yaimed with the sight up, they came to the conclusion that the sight was a contrivance which, when raised, made the weapon shoot harder. Accordingly, on the day of Ulundi they one and all put up the sights of their Martini-Henrys to the extreme range of 1 000 yards, and fixed them in that position with wax. The result was that most of their bullets went clean over the square, and many of them are believed to have reached their own men who were coming down to attack the other side of it.

—

AT a dinner in London some time since the conversation lapsed, as it sometimes will lapse with the best of hosts, into questions hardly distinguishable from conundrums. A celebrated historian was present, and a question was put to him which has puzzled a great many people at different times: "What is the surname of the Royal family?" "Guelph, of course." That is the usual answer, and it was the historian's. Someone ventured to suggest that, although the Royal family are Guelph by descent, her Majesty's marriage with Prince Albert of Saxe Coburg must have the effect which the marriage of a lady has in all other cases, and that the surname of the present house must be the Prince Consort's. "But what is the surname of the Prince Consort's family?" Simple, but staggering. It was Wettin. Of course no one had heard it before. Everyone smiled at the horrible idea of the Guelphs being reduced to Wettins! The point was referred to Theodore Martin. "You are quite right," said the graceful biographer of the Prince Consort. "Wettin is the family name of the House of Saxony, to whom the dominion of Saxony came in the year 1420. The King of Saxony and the minor Princes of the House are therefore all Wettins, or, in German, Wettiner."

—

TWO clubs have been recently started, both under one roof, in Berlin, one of which has received the name of "The Fat Club, while the other rejoices in the no less significant title of "The Thin Club." In the club house, common to both societies, there has been constructed two test doorways—the one generously wide, the other thriftily narrow. To these doorways the candidates for election, respectively obese or attenuated, are ceremoniously conducted, after they have registered a vow to abide uncomplainingly by the result of the ordeal awaiting them. Should the would-be member of the Fat Club be found capable of passing with ease through the wide doorway, his disqualification is thereby proved beyond appeal. His rejection is politely signified to him, with the merciful intimation that when he shall have waxed somewhat fatter he will be permitted to "try again." The test applied to the exiguous candidate is exactly the converse of that to which fat aspirants are subjected. If he cannot slip through the doorway constituting the latitudinal standard of membership, he is informed that until he reduces his exorbitant dimensions to the prescribed limit, he must resign all hope of being received into the emaciated bosom of the "Thin Club."

—

WEYPRECHT, in his work on the Polar Sea, discusses the longevity of icebergs. Icebergs are subjected to disintegration after somewhat the same manner as rocks. They are full of crevices, into which the water formed by melting penetrates; in winter this water freezes, and, by its expansion all through the glacier, a rupture of the mass ensues "It is highly probable," he says, "that most of the icebergs afloat in winter are in such a condition that a very slight cause is sufficient to make them burst because of their state of internal tension. Every polar traveler can tell how a shot, the driving-in of an ice-anchor or any any other sudden vibration, has brought about the catastrophe; cases have even occurred in which the sound of the voice alone was sufficient. An iceberg is always an unpleasant neighbor." So many are the causes which tend to destroy icebergs that the author concludes that "no berg exists which could withstand them more than ten years, and that commonly the life of a berg is much shorter." However this may be, doubtless the much larger Antarctic bergs last much longer, as must necessarily occur because of the greater uniformity of the climate to which they are exposed. The iceberg into which the Arizona ran recently must have been an unusually solid one.

—

THE corps of skaters, a force peculiar to the Norwegian army, has been lately reorganized, and consists now of five companies each of 110 men, which in the time of war can be reinforced by calling in 270 skaters belonging to the Landwehr. The men of this corps are armed with rifles, and can be manœuvred upon ice or over the snow fields of the mountains with a rapidity equal to that of the best trained cavalry. The skates they use are admirably adapted for traveling over rough and broken ice or frozen snow, being six inches broad, and between nine and ten inches long. In ascending steep slopes the men take a zigzag course, tacking up the mountain side as a ship does against a head wind. As an instance of the speed at which they can go, it is mentioned that last winter a messenger despatched from Roeraas at three o'clock in the morning, arrived at Drontheim at half-past nine in the evening of the same day, having consequently accomplished 120 miles in about eighteen and one-half hours. It must be added, however, that Roeraas lies some 2,000 feet higher than Drontheim, so that the course of the skater was down hill the whole way. On the return journey the same man took fifty-four hours to reach Roeraas from Drontheim, but the route he took led him over very rough and broken snow fields, which rendered great caution and slow skating necessary.

THE OLD YEAR.

BY FANNIE B. FOSTER.

Young, yet old, he will die to-night,
Then dim your fires and lamps so bright.
Child of Time, he must yield, alas!
To other years, as on they pass.
Children four in his arms have lain—
Childless now, but his moans are vain:
Death o'er him, and his sceptre down,
The young heir waits the twelve months' crown.
Holly bright on your walls is spread,
Deck them now with the yew instead;
Gay flowers take from your vases fair—
Ah, well ye know what should be there:
Cypress, myrtle, rue, immortelles,—
Haste ere we hear his funeral knell!
Then, with pomp, will the young year come,
Roar of cannon and roll of drum,
Swell of organ and voices free,
Blast of bugle, and revelry.
What is the joy of one, 'tis said,
Is built on another's pleasures dead;
So doth each bright and glad New Year
Sit enthroned on the old one's bier.

A Link of Love.

BY F. H. S.

I AM a confirmed old bachelor, as much as my sister—my dear companion and housekeeper—is a confirmed old maid. Our days have reached nearly to the allotted span of life, and the great number of these have been passed in our little home in the dingy city, where I have practised as a lawyer for so many years.

The whole of our ground floor is given up to business; tape and musty parchment reigns supreme; but the three upper stories we retain for our private use. Others with increasing riches have moved westward, but we cling to our city home.

Some seven years back, Sir Rupert Marsland, an old client of mine, died, leaving his only child—a daughter—to my care. By his will he left Marsland Grange and everything of which he was possessed to his daughter. The will had been made shortly after her birth had left him a heart broken widower.

Upon examining Sir Rupert's papers I found there was nothing but a proud old name for the orphan girl to inherit. The time-worn Grange and beautiful park, with its kingly oaks and spreading avenues, would have to be sold to pay the old man's debts. I struggled hard to avoid a sale; I had to give way in the end, and the home of centuries seemed doomed to fall beneath the hammer.

Ethel Marsland, soon after her father's death, came to reside with us. She was a tall, elegant girl, with a fair, oval face; delicate cherry lips, dimpled at their corners—the upper one shaped like a Cupid's bow—and soft, wavy brown hair, threaded with a golden glint, completed a face which was almost childlike in its purity.

It was a dreary November evening, and the sound of the wind and driving sleet without made the drawn curtains and piled up fire seem the cosier by the contrast. A long day's work had tired me, and, in dressing gown and slippers, I was enjoying the luxury of a quiet pipe and a chat with an old friend.

I had known Cuthbert Heriston since he was quite a boy. He was the sole representative of the great firm of "Cuthbert Heriston & Co.," East India merchants, and, as such, the owner of great wealth. He had startled me by asking my permission to woo Ethel for his wife. I looked at his grave face and thought of his forty years. Hitherto untouched by woman's love, I dreaded the ripened passionate strength of such feelings, now that he had attained his prime. The beautiful curve of his noble head, with its wealth of black waving hair; the rich, warm tinted olive complexion and crisply curling beard, were more like the attributes of an Assyrian warrior than those of a peaceful London merchant.

But would his manly beauty compensate for the twenty-three years difference between their ages? It would be more like father and daughter than husband and wife. This was the sole objection that I had to his proposals. His character I knew to be unimpeachable, and in the matter of settlements, he was everything that could be expected. He offered to purchase the old Grange and, freeing it from its incumbrances, settle it unconditionally upon Ethel.

I thought it best that Ethel should answer for herself, so I rang the bell and requested Martha, our old servant, to send her to me.

We neither of us spoke during the few minutes that elapsed before we heard her footsteps. Very beautiful she looked as she entered the room. Cuthbert rose as she approached, and placed a chair for her at the side of the fire facing me, while he stood between us, one hand nervously resting on the table. Accepting the proffered seat, Ethel folded her delicate hands in her lap, and quietly waited for me to explain for what purpose I had sent for her.

In as few words as possible I unfolded to her Cuthbert's proposals, concluding with his generous offer to pay her father's debts and settle her old home on her unconditionally.

For a few moments she sat quite still with her eyes cast down. I was beginning to fear that she had not understood me, and that I should have to commence my task again, but my apprehensions were relieved. Slowly raising her tear-swollen eyelids, while a faint flush suffused her pale cheeks, she looked at Cuthbert, and in a dreamy, measured voice said, as if she were repeating some assertion to herself that she half questioned:

"And Marsland shall not be sold?"

Cuthbert winced at her calm, calculating tone.

"And Marsland shall not be sold," he replied, in a slightly disappointed voice.

He moved from his place till he stood facing her, and in rapid, passionate words, as if his very soul was speaking, addressed her.

"Ethel," he pleaded, "what can I do or say to win your love? I can offer you an unstained name, a home—your father's home—and wealth; but do not accept me for these. Take me for love of myself. Say that you love me—that you will love me."

There was an agonised pathos in his voice which somewhat surprised me. I could scarcely recognise the calm, prosaic man of business in the impassioned lover pleading so earnestly, as if for life.

"Do not think of the years between us," he continued; "my love can span them." He paused at a loss for words, his depth of feeling stifling his utterance.

"You give me everything, Mr. Heriston," she said. "I have nothing to give you—but myself," she added, doubtfully.

"Yourself!" he cried; "I ask for nothing else. Give me that and I am more than content. Say it again. Repeat these words after me: 'I will be your wife, Cuthbert;'" and he glanced eagerly at her.

Low, but distinct, the longed-for words came. "I will be your wife, Cuthbert."

"My wife!" he re-echoed, in a voice of indescribable joy. "My *darling!*" and he held out his arms towards her. She placed her two hands in his. He grasped them quickly and drew her towards him as if he would crush her to his heart; but something indefinable—perhaps the absence of all passion from her surprised, innocent gaze—stopped him. A saddened, subdued expression spread over his face, banishing its rapturous brightness as, checking the impulse, he raised her hands and bowing his shapely head with manly courtesy, he pressed them to his passionate lips.

And thus they plighted their troth; the lovers' kiss sealing life's most important contract. For joy or woe? Who could say?

* * * * *

Five summers had come and gone since Cuthbert Heriston and Ethel Marsland, standing in the quaint old city church, had become one. The wedding (by Ethel's own desire) was very quiet. No friend was present save my sister and myself.

It was again dreary November. The curtains were drawn and the merry flames went crackling up the chimney. The kettle was singing a weird melody, and old Tom sits blinking his eyes in the cheerful light, contentedly purring.

"What a terrible night!" exclaimed Mary, pausing in her pleasant occupation of buttering the muffins to listen to the blast which shook the house and to the pelting of the rain. "I don't remember such a night since Ethel and Cuthbert were engaged. What a strange thing that we never hear from them now! It is more than six months since Ethel wrote. You may be very wise, John," she continued, with sisterly criticism, "but I think it would have been better to have had a little less wisdom once. I don't think there is much happiness to spare in that home. Nor is it to be wondered at. A cold, grave, reserved man such as Cuthbert Heriston to marry that child! He is old enough to be her father."

I was about to defend myself against this accusation, but was stopped by a loud ringing of the bell. "Who can that be?" cried Mary, dropping the knife in her astonishment; for an evening visitor was a rare event with us. She opened the door and walked to the head of the staircase to listen. "John, John," she called out as she hurried down the stairs, "Cuthbert Heriston, as I'm a living woman!"

I hastily followed her to welcome our unexpected guest. "Where is Ethel?" I asked as I warmly grasped his hand and assisted Martha to relieve him of his wet cloak and wraps.

"I have left her at Marsland," he replied—rather curtly, I thought.

Cuthbert took the seat I placed for him in front of the fire and spread his hands to the warm blaze. We sat in silence while Mary was directing Martha to put something on the table more substantial than muffins. I looked at Cuthbert and was shocked at his altered appearance. The jet black hair was plentifully streaked with grey. But it was not the changed hair which troubled me; the great change was in the face. The cheeks were drawn and hollow—as if by mental suffering—and the eyes were sunk and had dark rims round them. He seemed annoyed at being so closely observed. Turning to me abruptly he said in a sharp voice:

"How long will it take you to prepare a deed of separation?"

"A deed of separation! Heaven preserve us!" exclaimed Mary, in her surprise and agitation pouring the tea into the sugar basin instead of into the cup that Martha had just brought for Mr. Heriston.

Without heeding Mary's exclamation, or waiting for my reply, Cuthbert rose from his seat, and placing his hands on the mantelpiece, leaned his forehead upon them so as to conceal his face. In a low, husky voice, utterly unlike his full, rich baritone, he said: "It is best that it should be so." He spoke musingly, as if answering some mental reasoning or thinking aloud, rather than addressing us. "I have tried to outlive my folly," he went on. "I was mad to suppose that a child—innocent of the world and life—could love as I would have a wife to love. It was my own fault. I bought her with Marsland." His tone grew very bitter here. "Well, she has blighted my life, but she may retain the price. She shall have Marsland and all I have for herself and our—our boy."

His voice was agitated as he referred to their only child, then about three years of age. Conquering, with an effort, his emotion, he raised his head and in calmer tones explained that he intended leaving the country; and as he contemplated never returning, he wished to appoint me his son's guardian and trustee of all his property, for the lad's benefit and that of his mother.

Mary waited till he had ceased speaking. Pushing the tea-tray from her, she rose from her seat and went to his side, and her voice grew sharp as she exclaimed:

"I have no patience with such folly. You have no right to leave Ethel without a protector, even though you do think that she does not care for you. What is your wealth to her in comparison with the loss of a husband—and of a father to her boy?"

He looked at her sadly as he answered: "You have not heard all. I feel sure that she is innocent."

"Innocent!" interrupted Mary, with a gasp of astonishment.

"Yes, pray God she is—but—*she loves another!*"

The words were shot out with a fierce energy of passion, and his handsome face flushed at the mention of his shame.

"Loves another!"

Mary repeated the words mechanically, trying to gather their meaning; then suddenly, as their import became clear to her, the valiant little woman started. Her eyes flashed, and she thrust out her hands with dramatic action as she cried in indignant tones: "As I am a living woman, Cuthbert Heriston, it is false!"

"Gently, gently," I cried soothingly. "Cuthbert would never bring so serious an accusation against his wife without some reason. I have very little doubt but that there has been some mistake which is capable of explanation."

"Explain that," cried Cuthbert curtly, throwing a small note on the table.

I took it up and opened it. The paper was strongly scented, and had a small gilt monogram in one corner. The handwriting was bold and flowing, the characters being formed in that dashing style adopted as frequently by women as by men. I read the words slowly, to myself, and tried to keep all expression from my face; for I felt that Cuthbert was closely watching me. The note was very short, and ran as follows:

"Monday night.

"My ever loved one:—Drop me a line to say when old Grumps (your respected lord and master, I mean) will be out of the way.

"Till then

"Your own, GROSER REX."

"A mare's nest," remarked Mary, jumping to a conclusion like the rest of her sex. Women generally, by a kind of instinct, manage to hit the right nail on the head While the male mind is groping its way through a morass of logic, carefully testing each step, woman, with a hop, skip and a jump, alights at the goal unexhausted and dry shod.

Our efforts to convince Cuthbert that this was the case proved futile. His determined, dogged nature had brooded over the grievance till it had become, if possible, more than real. Coupling it with his wife's frequent tears and seeming coldness towards him, it was scarcely to be wondered at that he should have some suspicions.

Not being able to leave my business, I wrote the next day to Ethel, inviting her and her little boy to come and stay with us. She accepted the invitation, and they were soon installed as our guests. She greeted me somewhat nervously, and glanced anxiously round the room, as if expecting to see some one; giving a little sigh of disappointment at finding no one but Mary and myself.

Mary generally takes time by the forelock. So without any preliminaries, she at once attacked Ethel upon the subject of her husband, and grew quite eloquent as she described the warmth of his love. A bright color flushed the young wife's cheeks. "Do you really think that he loves me?" she asked in an eager voice. Then hurriedly answering her own question, she continued in a saddened tone: "No—I am too young—but I *do* love him," and she bowed her head over her child's chestnut curls and wept passionately. The poor little fellow, alarmed at her grief, tried to pull her hands from her face. Finding his efforts ineffectual, he burst into tears and gave a loud cry for his father. As the word smote her ears, Ethel angrily thrust the child from her lap. "You have no father, child," she cried, clenching her hands. Her eyes flashed, but filled with tears as she added in a pained voice, "And I no husband. The love that belongs to your poor forsaken mother is given to another."

"Oh, you wicked, ungrateful girl, to dare to say such unfounded things of a father to his child!" cried Mary warmly, as she drew the weeping boy to her and tried to calm his grief.

"Unfounded! Would that I could say so; but what can I think when I read this?" Ethel drew a half sheet of blotting-paper from her pocket. "I found it in his study after he had left."

She handed it to me, bidding me hold it to the light. I did so, and recognised Cuthbert's handwriting. It was the conclusion of a letter. It was impossible to decipher every word, but the following was very distinct:

"I shall be in town on Thursday . . . . expect me about lunch time. Mrs. Heriston stays at Marsland. I enclose you a cheque for $250, payable to your order, to meet immediate expenses, hoping to hear that brighter days are in store.

"Yours, C. HERISTON."

"Well," I said, cautiously, "I do not see very much in this. It might have been written to a gentleman."

"Is 'Mrs. Sylvester, Post Office, Blackheath. To be left till called for.' a gentleman?" quietly asked Ethel, pointing to the words at the bottom of the page, evidently where the direction on the envelope had been blotted.

"All very well," I answered. "But how do you know that *that* letter was enclosed in the envelope bearing that address? He might have written more than one letter, and that address may refer to something very different."

"True," she replied, "and so, at first, I argued to myself; but all doubt now is dispelled, for I enquired at the bank and learnt that yesterday a young woman presented a cheque of my husband's for $50, and that the name she signed on the back was 'Harriett Sylvester!'"

I felt rather posed at this, and, I expect, must have looked so, for Mary, who had been impatiently fidgeting while I was reading the letter, exclaimed sharply:

"What a stupid you are, John! It is all stuff and nonsense!" Turning to Ethel, she continued: "Take the advice of an old woman, my dear. Go to your husband—open your heart and tell him everything. You are a regular pair of geese. There is nothing that is not capable of explanation, and I'll stake my word on Cuthbert's honor. He may be queer tempered, but he's a gentleman. What is the good of knocking your heads against a wall when the gate is standing ajar?"

Mary's arguments seemed to have some effect. At one time I thought Ethel's pride was softening, but an unfortunate reference of mine to the letter which had been found in her old dress awoke an amount of obstinate resistance with which we were quite unable to cope. She proudly declined to give any explanation, and as Cuthbert, when appealed to by me, also refused an explanation about Harriett Sylvester, our efforts to bring about a reconciliation came to a stand-still.

The green eyed monster and his worthy relative, Pride, had taken possession of Marsland and its unhappy owners. Very reluctantly, I prepared the deed which was to separate those who, in the sight of God, had vowed to cleave together, for better, for worse, as long as life lasted.

The deed I had prepared was a very simple one. A yearly sum of $800 was reserved to Cuthbert, and the rest of the wealth was settled on Ethel and her boy. I was to occupy the responsible position of guardian—a position I would have shirked could I have found any excuse for doing so.

I felt very sad as the hands of the clock approached the hour of eight—the time fixed for Cuthbert to call and sign the deed. He at last, was announced. After a few constrained words of greeting, he took up a pen to sign the deed, excusing himself for his haste by explaining that he had but very little time to spare, as he had to catch the nine o'clock train. Bidding him wait, I rang the bell twice, the signal for Mary to send Ethel to us.

Trusting to Ethel's ignorance of the law, I had made her believe that it was necessary that she should sign the deed in the presence of her husband. But for this stratagem I feel certain that she would have refused to meet him.

In a few moments Ethel glided into the room. She had discarded all jewels and ornaments, simply retaining her wedding-ring. Afterwards, Mary told me that before she left her room she pulled it half off, but, suddenly checking herself, had restored it to its place, saying: "No, my husband put it there, and there it shall remain till he removes it."

My heart beat hopefully as I observed that her dress was the same she had worn six years ago, when she had surrendered her life and happiness to Cuthbert's keeping. The plain, well-fitting black dress—notwithstanding that it was somewhat old-fashioned—suited her marble paleness and statuesque beauty.

I resolved to make a last appeal to their better feelings, and, in a few moving words, I did my best to arrest them from a step which I felt was the maddest folly. Ethel seemed moved at my words. Her bosom heaved, and with difficulty she restrained

her emotion. I watched Cuthbert anxiously. The corners of his mouth twitched nervously, but he remained silent Ethel raised her eyes pleadingly to his, and her lips slightly parted as if she were about to speak. One answering look and her arms would have been around him. In vain! He resolutely averted his face. A faint flush came into Ethel's cheeks as her spirit rose at this silent rejection of her appeal. Seizing the pen which Cuthbert had dropped when she entered the room, she dipped it into the ink, and, turning to me, asked, in firm, indignant tones, where she should sign the deed. Cuthbert still maintained silence. I held down the parchment and pointed to the place where she should sign the deed. Her pen was on the parchment, and she was preparing to follow my instructions, when the door of the room slowly opened. She paused, and we all raised our eyes to ascertain the cause of the interruption. The door was now wide open, and—as in a frame, set off by the surrounding darkness—stood a little figure, clad in white. The tiny feet, bare of covering, peeped out beneath the robe which was held up by the child's hands, and the short chestnut curls swept back from the wistful cherub face in wavy billows. With shy looks the child advanced slowly into the room, till, raising his eyes, he caught sight of his mother. With a glad cry he ran and threw himself into her arms. Then—a bright look animating his pretty face—he called to his father.

It was enough! The ice was broken. Love was triumphant, and Pride—the destroyer of the peace of so many homes—defeated. Cuthbert opened his arms and cried in a voice of wondrous love, "My wife!" His cry was echoed by Ethel as, with happy tears, she was drawn within his arms and pressed in his fond embrace. And thus, in Heaven's sight, again their troth was plighted. No word of explanation as to the past. Each one believed in and trusted the other.

With my eyes in rather a watery condition, I groped my way to the library where I found Mary on the verge of hysterics.

"Oh, John, I'm so happy!" she cried, throwing her arms round my neck and kissing me. "I saw it all—from the stairs."

After her excitement had somewhat calmed she explained to me how it had happened. It appeared that after Ethel had left her she could not rest and had wandered uneasily from room to room. Hearing the child moving in his crib, she had hastened to his side, and while soothing him had conceived the idea which had proved so successful in its result. Acting with her usual impulse, she snatched the lad from the bed and carried him down the stairs, and, standing him without the door—the handle of which she gently turned—had left him to the guidance of One before whom we poor mortals are but dust.

We waited patiently, but no sound came from the room where we had left Ethel and Cuthbert. Slowly the hours crept on, and we began to get not only very impatient, but sleepy.

"Good gracious, John, what a smell of burning!" cried Mary, awaking, as the clock struck eleven, from a little doze into which she had fallen. "It smells something like burnt feathers. Perhaps Ethel has fainted. Oh, depend upon it she has, and Cuthbert is burning my beautiful feather-screen to bring her to!" and away bustled the little woman to the rescue of the cherished screen. I followed, expecting to see Ethel in a death-like swoon. But no such thing. She was sitting by the fire—in my arm-chair—looking very bright and happy despite her swollen eyelids; for tears come to women as readily in joy as in grief Little Cuthbert was peacefully sleeping in his mother's lap, his hands clasped in one of hers. With her other hand she was holding her handkerchief to her nose. And well she might do so, for Cuthbert, the poker in one hand and the tongs in the other, was forcibly pushing the ill-fated deed of separation between the bars of the gate. No wonder that our olfactory nerves had objected to the smell! Burnt parchment certainly cannot be considered an agreeable scent.

With silent graspings of the hand—more eloquent than speech—we drew our chairs round the fire and watched the last writhing curls of the blackened deed as it spluttered and hissed out its brief existence.

"Cuthbert, dear," at last exclaimed Ethel, breaking the silence with a low-toned but happy voice, "you have been very generous: you have not asked a single question about George Rex. I *must* clear his reputation; so, to begin"—she gave an amused, merry glance, adopting a dramatic tone—"George Rex is not a young man, but *a lady*, and not very young!" She fairly burst out laughing at our astonished looks.

"What a goose I am, to be sure!" said Mary. "I declare my memory is getting like a sieve, everything runs out. I know whom you mean; that ugly old frump of a woman's rights woman that I can't bear, and who hates all mankind and yet lives and acts as if she was one of the despised sex."

"But is 'George Rex' a woman's name?" I ask.

"Oh, no, her real name is Georgiana King, but with rather feeble wit she has made a pun of her signature. She has always been called 'George,' and some having suggested that, from her masterful disposition, she ought to be called King George instead of George King, she adopted the suggestion. By turning her surname into Latin she gets the 'Rex,' and hence the meaning of the dreadful scrawl she calls her signature, and which is an imitation of that of his deceased Majesty King George the First!"

"Well, good people," cried Mary, "since explanations are flying about the room, perhaps we shall hear one about Mrs. Sylvester."

Cuthbert moved uneasily, as if reluctant to speak, but Ethel came to his relief. Leaning forward, she placed her hand, with a loving gesture, upon her husband's arm, and said in a voice moved by deep feeling: "I know all. How, when Ralph Sylvester sank from bad to worse and was discarded by his relatives, his old schoolfellow remembered the past and for its sake generously strove to reclaim the black sheep, and, notwithstanding disheartening ill-success, stood by him till death stopped his evil career. I also know who it was that restored the poor girl the dead man had called a wife, to the home from which she had been lured. It was through poor Georgey Rex that I learnt this. She happened to know the friends of the widowed girl, who gratefully remembered her benefactor. The letter containing all this news came by post this morning. Poor Georgey apologises most handsomely for having nicknamed you 'Old Grumps,' declaring that henceforth she will spell the word with a 'y' instead of a 'g.'"

The hand that pressed his was tenderly clasped. "This link shall always bind us together, dearest," he gently whispered, as, first kissing the mother, he impressed a kiss on the silky curls of the child sleeping in her arms.

The moments sped by. Untiring time knows no lagging footsteps. Ever onwards But a few short moments, and the year that now was would be no more—the new year, with its unknown tale of life, would have commenced its career. We stood by the open window and listened for the first glad peal heralding the advent of another space of time.

Loudly clashed the merry peals cleaving the startled air, and, borne on the wings of the night wind, fitfully floated the mellow sound of Stepney's silver chime. "Boom!" thundered out from St. Paul's lordly towers, and as we counted the twelve strokes, hands were grasped and loving wishes whispered: for another year was born.

Cuthbert's arm stole round Ethel's waist. "My dear wife," he fondly whispered.

"*Dear!*" And she raised her eyes to his with loving, questioning gaze His answer was heard by her alone, as, gathering her in his arms, his lips sought hers. Heart to heart—soul to soul—henceforth not two, but one!

Dora's Betrothal.

BY IRENE HALSTEAD.

"DORA claims Mr. Spencer for her sweetheart" laughingly spoke the gay young mother, of Dora Chiles, as she raised the tiny two year old Dora to a position near her upon the sofa.

"Ah indeed; a compliment I'm sure," in the well modulated tones of Mr. Spencer, as he critically scanned the tiny figure of Dora, who sat daintily picking her flowers to pieces.

"I've heard of less likely things happening" said motherly Mrs Burleson, as she confidently nodded her head and told how her brother had been betrothed in the same jesting manner, and had finally married the little heroine.

Mr. Spencer laughed one of his proper, short, little laughs, and looked very doubtful as he softly stroked his long, blonde beard, and said slowly.

"What is her name, Dora? I always imagined if I ever met a young lady named Minnie, I would marry her."

All laughed again, and Mrs. Chiles said "Dora was betrothed when she was named," and the conversation drifted into other channels, while dainty Dora wandered out into the shrubbery, and recklessly gathered all the flowers she could reach, and sat down to select only the most lovely. Thus she was engaged when Mr. Spencer strolled leisurely down the garden path and found her She immediately left her flowers and ran up to him saying sweetly:

"I wiv you."

He smiled, and taking the little hand laid so confidingly in his own, led her back to the boarding house parlor, where several young ladies looked as though they thought he was, "wasting sweetness on the desert air."

Mrs. Burleson nodded confidently at Mrs. Chiles, and often after that, the boarders remarked how much Auguste Spencer seemed to pet little Dora, as she was styled, being a favorite of them all.

Two months afterwards, as the gay part was dispersing for their city homes, Mr. Chiles having run down for his wife and child, was agreeably surprised to find Mr. Spencer. This was an old friend of his, and after some persuasion, prevailed upon him to go home with them and spend the winter in their city home.

Before spring opened, they decided to take a partner in the firm of "Chiles and Gleason," and Mr. Spencer liking the city so well, and being pressed to do so, accepted the offer and became, not only a partner of Dora's father, but an inmate of the house.

* * * * *

Fifteen years with all their changes have rolled round.

The house of Chiles and Spencer still stands, known as one of the firmest and most thorough business houses in the great metropolis

Mr. Spencer looks scarcely so old as when we first met him, a well preserved man of five and forty years, his tawny beard, and dark chestnut hair, are as smooth and glossy as ever. The prominent forehead which bespeaks more of intellect and deep thought, than of beauty, relieves what would otherwise seem to be a face, too handsome for a noble, brave, business man of the world. The soft sparkling shadows which ever play hide and seek in the blue eyes, make him at once the envy and admiration of his companions. His high social standing, together with his many good graces, and looks, make him the prize in the matrimonial market.

Mrs. Chiles, leaning on the firm loving arm of her husband, who has so shifted the burdens of life, that but few have fallen to her lot, looks, more matronly, but quite as handsome as ever. Looking at the two, you would scarcely realize fifteen years had come and gone since the bright summer spent at Mrs. Burleson's.

But when you look at the bright, beautiful, young lady that little Dora had blossomed into, you would have no difficulty in realising the fact.

To-night will celebrate her seventeenth birthday; the grand fete of the season, the party at which Dora will come out, and that will celebrate the return of Mr. Spencer from a three years trip abroad.

From the top of Dora's dusky little head, to the tip of her tiny wilful foot, she was the same dainty, wilful Dora of old. Life had been one sweet, bright dream to her. Not even a lover had as yet rippled the surface of the smooth happy existence.

Something of a coquette by nature, and inexperienced by suffering, or observation, makes her a little ambitious, and anxious to carry off the prize. And as all the girls seem to be very particularly interested in Mr. Spencer, she thoughtfully thinks, what an honor it would be to have his particular attention to-night, on the eve of her entrance to the bright, gay world, she is so anxious to enter. As she sits musing, watching the clouds float lazily in the hazy atmosphere, she is all unconscious of a pair of shadowy, blue eyes resting upon her, watching the fleeting color come and go on the fair cheeks, and the scintillating radiance in the dusky eyes.

A moment after the blue eyes came nearer, and their owner sits beside her, while the little hands are clasped closely in the firm, warm pressure of Mr. Spencer's. For in spite of himself, he could never quite forget the gay, laughing speech that Mrs. Chiles made so long ago, and he had become more and more interested in little Dora, until now she filled his heart with all the love, and devotion, it could contain. He loved her fully, and wholly, with a love which no one had ever shared.

And now as he found her looking so fresh, and lovely, and all alone, he could forbear no longer, but poured into her ear such a tale of love, and devotion, that the pretty romantic child was completely bewildered. She had never seriously thought of him as a lover, but now she realized that he held a large share of her affection, and she really thought she would come to love him, in time, even as he loved her. And stroking his cheek, as she had often done in childhood's happy days she frankly told him so. She was startled a little at the wondrous change in his face, and glowing happy light in the shadowy eyes. But remembering the duties of the evening, and the great pleasure awaiting her, she arose and offered her pretty lips for his good-by as frankly and sweetly as she would have done for her father. But Auguste Spencer was too much in love, too thoroughly in earnest to notice that Dora's heart was as untouched by the tender passion as it had ever been.

* * * * *

Three months later we can scarcely recognize in the pretty wilful face of Dora, the same bright happy creature we knew before.

The elasticity has left her step The dark shadowy eyes are so large now, and the shadows so dense, that even Auguste Spencer with all his tenderness, can scarcely coax a smile from their depth.

Her parents were perfectly delighted at the choice she made in the selection of a husband, and in this case, at least, it seems that true love is destined to run smooth. No one can get her to share her secret sorrow, she always answers that she is perfectly well and does not wish for anything that he has not.

Sometimes she is cross with Auguste, but when she sees the grieved patient look in the handsome eyes, she will rest her cheek for a moment against his own, and call him her "Dear old Darling," but if he suddenly kisses her, she grows impatient again until she finally runs away to shut herself in her own room for hours.

This afternoon she is riding in company with Archie Hastings, and he is talking very earnestly as they ride up the shady avenue. Mr. Spencer sitting beneath the old oak where he has sat so often with Dora sees them coming, and a resolve which seems to irradiate his face, like a halo of goodness, settles in the shadowy eyes.

Archie is pleading his love with all the eloquence he can command, and Dora's heart pleads for him, but her resolution never falters. She still stands firm and true to her promise. How often has she scattered his hopes by the firm adherence to her duty as she understands it.

Suddenly Archie says, "Look here Dora, I have loved you ever since I saw you, you know how well dear, and although you will not acknowledge it. I know you love me too. I honor you for your faith to Mr. Spencer. He is a good man and deserves your love, but he has not got it. You may marry him through a mistaken sense of your duty. But suppose now darling, that you loved him, even as he loves you, and he loved another better than he loved you, would you still wish him to marry you."

Dora was staggered Her breath came thick and fast. She had been going on with her engagement, because she knew Mr. Spencer loved her so, and she thought she would be doing him an injustice to retract now, and had made up her mind to sacrifice her affections on an altar of duty, though the ordeal cost her much suffering. So she went bravely on. Poor, little Dora; she saw her sin in all its hideousness now, and shuddered as she thought of it all. While she was bound to Auguste by a promise given in good faith, and sanctioned by her parents, and resolutely adhered to, she loved Archie Hastings with her very life. One word from him had more power to thrill her soul than the veriest love and devotion that the noble, devoted lover, who had loved her so long could command. Such is life. Now she was bewildered and knew not what to do. She knew her life with Auguste would be incomplete, she had learned her woman's heritage to love and suffer. For the rest of the drive she did not say much, and when she reached the grounds she gave her hand to Archie in a half subdued manner and let him go home without a word of encouragement. Then she walked straight up to Mr. Spencer whose face did not look so happy as usual, and standing beside him one little hand resting upon his shoulder, and the other clasped oh! so closely in his she said.

"Mr. Spencer can you forgive me if I tell you something which will wound you very much, and show you how unworthy I have been of the trust you confided in me."

He clasped the little hand still closer as he answered. "No, darling I can not forgive you if you tell me. Because I see it will pain you very much to do so and I can not bear to see you suffer. Do you think, my love, that I have been blind all the while. I have seen the color fade from those lovely cheeks, the beauty leaving my darling's happy laughing eyes. I did not understand at first why it was. Afterwards I thought perhaps my great love would win your heart in return, but I was wrong dear Dora. I ask your pardon for asking such a question before you were prepared to answer me. My little bird is free, all I ask in return is to see you happy and gay as you were before I drove the brightness from your heart."

He arose as he spoke, and passing one arm around her, drew her to him, pressed a kiss upon her forehead, and left her. And that was the last time she saw him in many years For he went away again, and she missed him as she would have missed her father. But she and Archie were very happy, and in less than a year they were married, and she was as bright and happy as any one could wish.

OVER-WORKED WOMEN.—Nothing is more reprehensible and thoroughly wrong than the idea that woman fulfils her duty by doing an amount of work that is far beyond her strength. She not only does not fulfil her duty, but she most signally fails in it; and the failure is truly deplorable. There can be no sadder sight than that of a broken-down, over worked wife and mother—a woman who is tired all her life through. If the work of the household cannot be accomplished by order, system, and moderate work, without the necessity of wearing, heart breaking toil—toil that is never ended without making life a treadmill of labor, then, for the sake of humanity, let the work go. Better to live in the midst of disorder than that order should be purchased at so high a price—the cost of health, strength, happiness, and all that makes existence endurable. The woman who spends her life in unnecessary labor is, by this very labor, unfitted for the highest duties of home. The constant strain is too great. Nature gives way beneath it. She loses health and spirits and hopefulness and, more than all, her youth—the last thing that a women should allow to slip from her; for no matter how old she is in years, she should be young in heart and feeling, for the youth of age is sometimes more attractive than youth itself. M. S.

A Maiden's Leap.

BY L. M.

THE valley of the Mohawk is one of the most picturesque and beautiful in the world. And, if it is attractive now what must it have been before its acres were given to tillage and its mountain sides robbed of their covering?

At one point a high mountain ends on one side in a terrible precipice of at least two hundred feet, at the base of which the river rolls and tumbles over its rocky bed. Connected with this mountain is a legend which, although never before put in print, still lives in the traditions of the neighborhood. It runs as follows:

More than a hundred years ago Brave Bear was one of the youngest and handsomest warriors of a tribe of Indians which dwelt in the Mohawk Valley. Tall, straight and powerful, his physical prowess won for him wide fame among his people. Indeed, he and White Deer, the chief's pretty daughter, were the pride and boast of the tribe; and, as the chief had no son, the marriage of White Deer with Brave Bear was ultimately, by general consent, to elevate the latter to the rulership of the tribe

The young people assented to this plan, for it chimed exactly with their desire.

Time went on, and the day fixed on for the performance of the marriage rites drew [illegible]

At this time white settlers had invaded some portions of the Mohawk Valley; and within a few miles of the hunting grounds of Brave Bear's tribe lived a family by the name of Batterson, consisting of a husband, wife, and daughter.

Mary Batterson, just past sixteen, was fresh, blooming, and healthy. Pure air and exercise kept her cheeks red, her limbs supple, her spirits buoyant; and the whole valley could not boast a prettier girl.

One day Brave Bear wandering near the clearing, came upon Mary. Probably he had never seen a white girl before, or, if he had, not one so attractive as Mary. Although a little frightened by the encounter, for the place was solitary, the girl was reassured by the Indian's kindly demeanor.

Indeed, he showed his admiration so plainly that Mary could not but see it. He paid her the broadest of compliments in terribly broken English, and followed her to her own door. Then he turned suddenly and was gone.

The fact was, that the savage was thoroughly impressed by Mary's charms, so different from the dusky beauty of White Deer. The pale-faced girl was in his dreams that night, in spite of the proximity of his marriage to the chief's daughter.

With an Indian, treacherous by nature, the evil wish is father to the deed. Brave Bear's sudden love for Mary blinded him to every other sentiment. All was swallowed up in a desire to possess the newly found treasure, and his scheming brain concocted a plan for her abduction. Accustomed to the proverbial submission of Indian women, he imagined that, once in possession of Mary, she would quietly become his wife

Stealthily watching her movements, he soon caught her at a sufficient distance from her house to suit his purpose.

Seizing her in his powerful arms, he bore her rapidly off She screamed, but no friendly ears heard it. She entreated, but her captor would only assure her no violence was intended She was, he added, to become his squaw; only, he further explained, it would be necessary for him to hide her for a few days in some safe place. His marriage to White Deer was at hand, and although the laws of his tribe did not prevent an Indian having two or more wives at once, he wished to have one marital ceremony fairly concluded before another was begun

Brave Bear, after carrying his captive some distance, bade her walk.

Knowing the uselessness of resistance, she obeyed. After a while he securely blindfolded and led her, to prevent her finding her way home in case she got away.

After a walk that seemed of many miles to Mary, the Indian stopped and removed the bandage from her eyes.

Upon looking round, she saw that dense forests surrounded them on three sides, but the fourth was a nearly perpendicular rock. Pushing aside the vines which overgrew the latter, the mouth of a small cave was disclosed. Into it Brave Bear conducted the girl

The interior of the cave had evidently been roughly fitted up for her reception There was a couch of skins some food, water, etc. There she was to remain, as her captor told her, without venturing more than a few feet from the entrance He then left her.

Mary's first thoughts were of escape, but a moment's reflection convinced her that it would be impossible.

To fly would be foolishness, as she would be unable to find her way home. Therefore, she determined to stay where she was, and hope for the best, being at least safe from hunger.

That night she slept very little, and in the morning, her eyes red with weeping, she went out, and sat disconsolately upon the fallen trunk of a tree

Now this chanced to be the day of Brave Bear's marriage to White Deer. The latter, with heart overflowing with love for the handsome young warrior, rose as happy as a lark, and wandered about the woods for an early walk.

As she went along, she came upon the captive Mary, who still sat crying. The sight of a girl so unhappy, when she herself was so joyous, touched the heart of the Indian maiden with pity.

She addressed Mary as well as her limited command of English would permit. The conversation, robbed of its dialect, was as follows:

"Why does the white maiden weep?" asked the savage.

'Because she is in very great trouble," replied Mary.

"She is too beautiful to weep; the tears dim the brightness of her eyes. What is her trouble?"

"She has been carried off—away from her home and friends—by a wicked Indian; and she weeps because she does not wish to remain here."

"Why did the Indian steal her?"

"To make her his squaw."

"What is his name?"

"Brave Bear."

The swarthy features of the Indian girl grew an unearthly pale, and she fell to the ground in a swoon.

Hastily bringing some water from the supply in the cave, Mary bathed her temples, and had the satisfaction of seeing her open her eyes.

"The white maiden has seen me weak," she exclaimed, springing to her feet; "now she shall see me strong I will save her to her home and friends, and Brave Bear shall lose his pale faced squaw. Come!'

Mary obeyed the command without a word. She felt that her escape depended upon the caprice of the Indian girl, and deemed silence and obedience the wisest course.

White Deer led the way through the forest without hesitation, being perfectly familiar with every nook and dell.

A silent walk of an hour brought them to the verge of the precipice described above.

Taking Mary's hand in one of her own, and pointing into the valley below, White Deer said:

"Does the white maiden see her wigwam?"

Mary saw familiar landmarks.

"Yes."

"Then she can go. This pathway leads round the chasm."

Mary was about to thank White Deer for her services, but a strange, unnatural light in the latter's wild, flashing eyes restrained her; and she hurried away in the direction indicated.

Mary had gone but a few hundred yards when, looking back, she saw her preserver standing upon the very edge of the precipice.

Her arms were extended as if in prayer, and her eyes were lifted towards heaven.

Only an instant did she remain so; and then she flung herself over the rock!

Mary, horrified by the spectacle, saw the body whirl down through the air, and fall in a mangled mass upon the rocks far below.

Then she ran until, breathless with fatigue and excitement, she reached her own home in safety.

New Publications.

Among the latest numbers of Appleton's Handy Volume Series is one entitled Comedies for Amateur Acting, edited by J. Brander Mathews, with prefatory Notes on Private Theatricals. The contents are, A Trumped Suit, A Bad Case, Courtship, with Variations, A Teacher Taught, Heredity, and Frank Wylde; all of which have introductory scenic notes. The selections are very good, and arranged so as to be easily adapted, and will prove a valuable one for [illegible]

Another Handy Volume is a charming description of the Alps and Alpine adventures, entitled The Alpenstock; edited by Wm. H Rideing. The experience and adventures of the prominent Alpine climbers, Prof. Tyndall, Whymper, and the Alpine Club, and others, have been made contributory to producing an exciting description of Alpine views and adventures The descriptions are so realistic, as to fairly bring before one's eyes the icy peaks and terrifying scenes

The World's Paradises by S. G. W. Benjamin, is the title of another recent Handy Volume of Appleton's. The author has adopted the word Paradise from the portion which he explains is used as descriptive of a large park intended for pleasure, or a spot of extraordinary attractions and fitted up for pleasure and health He describes in the most tempting pictures, the many delicious retreats the world offers here and there, where midst lovely scenery and genial climate, one may find the boon of health and happiness, forgetting the stern realities of life, and realising the Elysium the word Paradise suggests. But as many of the most charming retreats have the fatal elements of miasma concealed midst their loveliness, the author has selected those favored spots which may be recommended as sanitariums the whole year, of which there are so many that the most fastidious must find one which would prove an earthly Paradise. The book will prove a invaluable guide to health seekers, who from ignorance so frequently wander from the good they seek. All these Handy Volume Series are received from and for sale by Claxton Remsen & Haffelfinger. Price, 30 cts., each.

Books for boys and girls form a prominent feature of holiday publications, and one which should prove very acceptable to boys in particular has been published by Dodd, Mead & Co., of New York, under the title of "Brant and Red Jacket," by Edward Eggleston and Lillie Eggleston Seelye, being the latest of their popular series of "Famous American Indians." While being a graphic sketch of two of the most famous Indian warriors, it includes an account of the early wars of the Six Nations and the border warfare of the Revolution. The Iroquois, or Six Nations were among the most prominent and fiercely ambitious of the Indian tribes, and all through the annals of early American history there are records of their exploits and the overpowering fear in which they were held by other tribes and the early settlers. It has supplied a prolific field for the compilers of the sketch, and they have gathered from it a story of adventure and exciting incident, which, while appealing to the reader's imagination will stimulate a love for history. Through this series the study of early American history is presented in its most attractive form, and one which but few boys would refuse to explore, particularly at holiday time. It contains several spirited illustrations, including a portrait of Brandt and a map of the Six Nation country. Published with illustrated cover, uniform with the other volumes of the series. Price $1 25.

Two irresistibly attractive holiday books for children have been published by Lippincott. The Boys' and Girls' Treasury fully justifies its title, for it is an almost inexhaustible supply of delight for little ones who have mastered the difficulties of reading. They will find it brimming over with exquisite pictures, interesting stories, and poems; many of the stories are about dogs, cats and birds, which never fail to interest children. It has a handsomely illustrated cover; and should prove a source of perpetual pleasure. For younger ones, who are still battling with the A, B, C troubles, The Picture Alphabet is especially designed; and its illustrated cover is enough to entice little ones into the mysteries of A, B, C Each letter has its appropriate verse and a lovely full size picture.

Courtship and Matrimony is the title of a series of sketches from scenes and experience in social life, and especially adapted for every day reading, by Robert Morris. The writer has been a very close observer of human nature; and there is much information and practical advice to be found in the essay. Published by T. B Peterson & Bros. Price, $1.00.

"Myrtle Lawn" is the title of an American novel by Robert E. Ballard, of North Carolina. The story is a good one, and the author's stream of narrative is at once clear, strong and rapid. Myrtle Lawn is published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, of this city, in a large duodecimo volume, bound in morocco cloth, black and gold; price, $1.50; and will be found for sale by all newsdealers and book agents, and on all railroad trains, or copies of it will be sent to any one, to any place, at once, on any one remitting $1 50 in a letter to the publishers.

"Angele's Fortune," a story of real life, by Andre Theuriet, translated and adapted from the French by Mary Neal Sherwood, is looked upon by all French critics as the strongest and most dramatic of Theuriet's novels. In it the love-making is charming, and done with great delicacy, for Andre Theuriet is an artist. The story is most admirably told. It is published in a large duodecimo volume, price, 75 cents; uniform with L'Assommoir, and will be found for sale by booksellers and news agents. Peterson & Brothers, of this city, publishers.

An interesting book for young people will be found under the title of "Stories of the War Told by Soldiers," collected and edited by Edward E. Hale, and published by Roberts Bros. Captain Ingham is entertaining a number of nephews and nieces at his country home at Little Crastis, and suggests for their amusement a research through his old papers and documents for authentic stories, related by the soldiers, of the various prominent events of the war, which suggestion is eagerly acted upon, and the result is this entertaining and instructive little volume of stories. Mr. Hale has arranged them in proper rotation, so as to make each a continuous link in the history of the war. The stories are all of a thrilling, adventurous character taken from authentic records, and give a brief and instructive account of the war in a very simple, interesting form The volume is soon to be followed by "Stories of the Sea" and "Stories of Adventure." For sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger. Price, $1.

"Women's Husbands" is the title of a neat book with paper covers, containing three stories The Barber of Midas, The False Prince, and Narcissus. They are of high literary merit, decidedly spicy, and of lively interest; but they by no means flatter some women's husbands, and they ought not to, considering the characters that are painted for these husbands. Altogether, however, they are decidedly entertaining reading. Price, 50 cents. Published by Lippincott & Co.

"How to be Well; or Common-Sense Medical Hygiene," is a book for the people, by Dr. M. Augusta Fairchild, giving directions for the treatment of acute diseases without the use of drug medicines; also hints on general health cure. The first part is devoted to the discussion of Hygiene generally, and gives good rules for the prompt and proper treatment of all diseases, while part second shows the importance and functions of the nervous system, the organic nerves, the best kind of food, dress, clothing, and the care of children; and the book winds up admirably with the confessions and observations of Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer, whose experience illustrates the book's value. S. R. Wells & Co., publishers. Price, $1.

With the first number of the second volume, the United Service becomes a Monthly instead of a Quarterly Review of Military and Naval affairs. It contains the following interesting articles. Discussion of the explosion of the thirty-eight ton Gun on board H. M. S. Thunderer, by Prof. John M. Brooke, Virginia Military Academy. The Battle of Nashville Gen. George H. Showers, by Brevet Major General R. W. Johnson, U. S. A., In Memorium by Lieut. S. H. Stevens, U. S. N. A Chapter on Peru. Leaves from a Captain's Letter-Book by Commodore E. Simpson, U S. N. The First Army Bill. A chapter of Mythological Astronomy, Part I., by Lieut J. D. J. Kelley, U. S. N. The Autobiography of an Old British Soldier, Part I., by J. H Siddons. On the Dead Year, by Commander Wm. Gibson, U S. N. Saving of Life by R. B. Forbes. Congress and the North Pole by Capt. H. W Howgate, U. S. A. Whiffs from an Old Sailor's Pipe. Whiff the First by E. L. Bowline. About Heliographs by Lieut. Phil. Reade, Third U S. Infantry. Large Navies not Dangerous, by Capt. S. B. Luce, U. S. N. Incidents of the Recent Campaign against the Utes by Capt. J S. Payne, Fifth Cavalry. Editorial Notes and Service Literature. Published by L. R. Hamersly, & Co., Philadelphia.

The latest reprint of the London Quarterly Review, published by the Leonard Scott Co., opens with an article on Pascal and his Editors; The College of Physicians, Albert Durer, The Founder of Norwich Cathedral, Joseph de Maistre on Russia, Froude's Cæsar The Weather and its Predictions, Henry VI of France, The Submission of the Clergy, Principles at Stake. Both of these publications are received from and for sale by W. B. Zieber, of Philadelphia.

LITERARY NOTES

Messrs T B Peterson & Brothers announce that they have in press Zola's latest novel Nana, the sequel to L'Assommoir; The Kings in Exile, by Daudet, How She Won Him, or the Bride of a Charming Valley, Hyde Park Sketches, The Little Countess by Octave Feuillet, and a new edition of Beautiful Snow.

The Literary Magazine of select foreign literature is to be increased to 192 pages monthly and the type enlarged, for the year 1880. American Book Exchange, New York. $1 a year.

The Acme Library of History, as announced by the American Book Exchange, New York, is initiated by a handy and handsome edition of Milman's Gibbon's Rome, in five volumes, for the small price of $2.50.

A new edition of Kitto's Cyclopædia of Biblical Literature, reduced from $10 to $2, in two large octavo volumes with several hundred illustrations, is being issued by the same house.

An illustrated edition of Stories and Ballads for Young Folks, by Mrs. E T Alden, is in preparation for early issue by the American Book Exchange, New York.

THE FIRST BANKERS.—The earliest banking firm of which we have any account is said to be that of Egibi & Co., of Babylon. Several documents and records belonging to this family are in the British Museum. They are on clay tablets, and were discovered in an earthenware jar found in the neighborhood a few miles from the ancient city The house is said to have acted as a sort of national bank of Babylon, the founder of the house Egibi probably lived in the reign of Sennacherib, about 700 B C This family has been traced during a century and a half, and through five generations, down to the reign of Darius.

FOR RELIEVING THROAT TROUBLES "BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES" have a world-wide reputation, and as they contain nothing that will injure the system, they can be used without fear of bad results.

Make a Note of This.

Prof. Green, a distinguished allopathic physician, wrote to the Medical Journal to the effect that after all other means had failed, he sent for the Kidney Cure (now Safe Kidney and Liver Cure), and to his astonishment cured a serious case of Bright's Disease by administering it, and afterwards found it equally beneficial in other cases. He advised his brother physicians to use it in preference to any other kidney diseases.

Our Young Folks.

RENEE.

BY PIPKIN

ONE by one the church clocks of Rouen had struck six, and the nest of small dark streets behind the Rue Jeanne d'Arc woke up into light and life On the fourth floor of one of the oldest and narrowest houses a little girl had opened a door, and went down the dark staircase to the floor beneath. She had scarcely reached the landing place, when a door opened softly, and an old grey-haired woman came out.

"Not now; not now, Renee," she said, in a low voice; "thy mother has been sleeping for the last hour. Thou shalt go in and see her when she wakes."

The little girl looked up in sudden terror.

"Madame Rueil," she said, in a whisper, "is my mother worse?"

"No, not worse," said Madame Rueil, "but she has not slept all night, and she has been telling me that it is thy birthday." Madame Rueil sat down in Renee's room; her grey hair was smoothed back under her cap, and her small pale face looked worn and troubled as the light fell upon it. She drew Renee towards her. "My poor child," she said, "hadst thou forgotten that it is thy birthday? Thou art eleven to day. Oh! if thou wert but older! If I were to die, Renee, what would become of thy mother? She is not strong enough to work for herself and for thee, and thou art too young to earn bread."

"Cannot I work as my mother works?" asked Renee, anxiously. "Cannot I make caps like those that she makes?"

"Thou art too young to sit at needlework all day long, and sometimes into the night besides. If thou wert older thou could'st go and teach, as thy mother did."

"Her heart is breaking because she cannot work for thee any longer," said Madame Rueil. "She does not like to take the little food that I can give her, and if I die she will no longer have a shelter."

"My mother has taught me to draw and to do needlework," said Renee; "and I have read, oh, so many books of history! Why cannot I teach?"

Madame Rueil got up from her chair with a deep sigh, and went towards the door "Thou art too young," she said, and she left the room as sadly as she had entered it

For three years Madame Rueil had exercised the most self-denying charity and kindness towards Madame Barentin and her little daughter. Madame Barentin in her youth had lived in wealthy families as a governess. She had married an artist, who died suddenly, leaving her with her child dependent on her own exertions. During several years she managed by extreme care and industry to support herself by giving lessons, but after a time her health failed, and in the hope that by returning to her native air she might regain her strength she found her way back to France. Her father and mother had died before she first went to England, and the only remaining member of her family, Madame Rueil, was, like herself poor and a widow. Madame Rueil, however, did much for her even in these days in the way of sympathy and kindness; and Madame Barentin was glad to become the tenant of the little room over Madame Rueil's in which Renee was now standing At first all went well. Madame Barentin found some pupils and as much needlework as she could do; and she had the happiness of seeing her child growing strong and healthy. So long as she was able to work they lived in some degree of comfort Then a terrible change came. She could only exert herself after long intervals of rest, and both mother and child became almost altogether dependent on Madame Rueil

One after another the church clocks again struck the hour, and this time it was eleven. Renee had had her cup of coffee and a piece of bread. She had helped her mother to dress, and had read to her as she lay on a little couch in Madame Rueil's room, where she slept now lest she should disturb her child's sleep by her restlessness. Madame Rueil was busy in the kitchen; and now that all the small household duties had been performed, Renee put on her little black fichu, that she might take home some of her mother's work to a street leading out of the lower end of the Rue Jeanne d Arc, close by the quay. It was here at the hotels on the quay that the English lived, and it was here she asked for work A woman with a kind face came forward when she spoke, and looked at her with a pitying smile when she said that she wanted work.

"What can you do?" she asked.

"I could teach a little," she said, "although I am small My mother used to teach. And I could take care of children younger than myself."

The kind-faced woman turned to one in an inner room, and said, "This little girl would have been the very person the English lady wanted last year to play with her children. But such an opportunity seldom happens here," she said, turning again to Renee. "If you were at Dieppe, where so many English families stay during the bathing season, you might very likely hear of some one who would have you for a time"

Madame Rueil listened to the pleading voice, but it roused no feeling of hopefulness within her.

"Dieppe is forty miles from Rouen," she said; "it is full of strangers, hurrying backwards and forwards They would never stop to notice thee. Think of it no more. Thou art too young.

"Oh, Madame Rueil!" cried Renee, "let me go? I could walk all the way in a week Kind people will give me bread as I go through the villages, and perhaps they will let me sleep sometimes in their cottages, and I would beg, for my mother's sake I would beg by the road rather than not reach Dieppe."

There was a long silence.

"Listen, Renee," said Madame Rueil; "in this wide world I have but eight francs—eight francs, which must feed us all for nearly a week, and I know not where to look for more. The railway to Dieppe would take it nearly all. I would help thee if I could. Thou seest that it is not possible."

"Oh, let me go, Madame Rueil!" cried Renee, falling at the old woman's feet and clasping her knees "Something tells me I shall find work; something tells me my mother will be well and happy again if I can but get there."

Again there was a long silence.

"Thou shalt have the money, Renee," said Madame Rueil, at last. "God will help us"

The quaint old streets were bright in the early sunshine the next morning when Madame Rueil walked to the station with Renee, and paid for her railway ticket They spoke but little by the way.

During the long hours of the night Madame Rueil had repented of her promise to Renee, and reproached herself for letting her go alone, and without her mother's knowledge, on such a hazardous journey.

"Auffray!" "Longueville!" "St. Aubyn!"

The train, which was in fact a very slow one, seemed to Renee to rush along faster and faster as it got nearer Dieppe, and she felt bewildered when it reached the station; but she had made made up her mind to find her way as quickly as possible to the great hotels, and to go from one to another as she had done at Rouen.

It was well that the hotels were near, for she saw nothing distinctly, as she felt as if her strength would hardly take her there. A good-natured looking waiter was standing at the entrance to one of them, and to him she addressed herself, trying to keep her voice from trembling, and framing her question as her experience had taught her the day before in Rouen

"Were there any English ladies in the hotel who wanted a little girl to speak French with their children?"

The man looked doubtfully at the little figure, shabbier still from her dusty journey Something in her voice and speech interested him, and he asked her some questions about her home

"An English family were staying here last week," he said, "and asked us to recommend somebody; they have taken a house a mile out of the town, and perhaps they are engaged now. But there they all are!" he said; pointing to a group of fair haired children, who were passing at the moment with their mother and their nurses. "Wait here a moment and I will speak to them."

Renee watched him as he followed them. She saw that the children turned hastily and looked at her while he spoke; that the mother was coming toward her with a smiling face; and then her poor pent up heart burst into a cry and she knew nothing more of what was passing till she found herself in the hall of the hotel with some one holding a glass of water to her lips.

"Tell me where you come from," said a kind voice, when she had drunk the water and could sit up. "Tell me about your father and mother."

"My father is dead," she said; "my mother is ill—too ill to work. I have come from Rouen because I was told I might be able to earn money for her here. My name is Renee Barentin."

"Barentin!" said the lady, in great surprise. "Was your mother in England some years ago? Was her name, too; Renee?"

"Yes!" said poor Renee, wistfully, "and we have only one friend in the whole world"

That afternoon Renee went back to Rouen but she did not go alone. The mother of the little fair haired children went with her She had been one of Madame Barentin's pupils, and had often grieved that she had lost sight of the governess to whom she had been strongly attached She was anxious to do everything in her power to restore Madame Barentin to health, and to relieve her from the anxiety that overwhelmed her. She had the invalid removed, in Madame Rueil's care, to a cheerful lodging in Dieppe, and took Renee into her own family.

At the end of the autumn Madame Barentin was sufficiently recovered to return with her kind friend and her children to England, where she again found employment in teaching, and lived in comfort. But every year the mother and daughter spend their well earned holiday in Rouen, where Madame Rueil still lives to rejoice in their happiness.

Cerebrations.

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ANSWERS.

No. 302. TREBAYLE.

No. 304.
F A B C E S
A B O U S E
S O U R C E
C U R T A L
E S C A P E
S E E L E D

No. 305. SCREENING.

No. 306.
L I P O G R A M
I T T R I U M
P T I S A N
O R S E T
G I A T
R U N
A M
M

No. 307. VILLA.

No. 308.
C O N C I S E N E S S
O U T S T R E E T
R E S O L V E
R U M E R
M E N
C
H U T
A L T I N
A S Y S T O L E
E P I D E R M I S
R E S P I R A T O R S

No. 309. CHICKEN HEARTED.

No. 310.
E
P A N
A I B E D
U T E N S I L
L I C H E N I N E
E X P R E S S I O N S
T H A U M A T U R G I C S

No. 311. THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG.

No 312.
V
L O B
B A L E D
S A C U L E S
L A C O N I C A L
V O L U N T E E R E D
B E L I E V I N G
D E C E I T S
S A E N S
L E G
D

No. 313. LANDSEER.

No. 314.
E S C O R T R A D E S
S L A V E B E M A S T
C A N A D A M E R C E
O V A T E D A R T E
R E D E Y E S C R O D
T R A D E S T E E D S
R E V O L T E R E T
A V E N U E R G A T A
D O N A T E M A S E R
E L U T E D E T E N T
S T E E D S T A R T S

No. 315. NUMERICAL.

The whole is a town of Java.
The 1, 2, 3 is the God of shepherds.
The 2, 3, 4 is an equal quantity.
The 3, 4, 5 is a river of Italy.
The 4, 5, 6 is a constellation
The 5, 6, 7 is a latter.
The 6, 7, 8 is a Turkish officer.
The 7, 8, 1 is an opening
The 8, 7, 6 is a commander.
The 7, 4, 5 is a fish.
The 6, 5, 4 is a river of Spain
The 4, 3, 2 is an equal quantity.
My 5, 4, 2 is hastened.
The 3, 2, 1 is a dose.

New Haven, Conn. O. POSSUM.

No. 316 SOU CON'S CROSS.

Reading to centre. Down, to lash; Left, a basket; Up, a silk hat; Right, seaweed

Reading from centre. Up, a game of ball; Right, a fly; Down, a dagger-tag; Left, a gutter.

Decatur, Ala. EMMA.

No. 317. DOUBLE CROSSWORDS.

In dogwood not in pine,
In bulrush not in vine,
In dollard not in pod,
In balsam not in rod,
In mouse not in bar,
In rugged not in fir,
Through Afric's forests search with care,
Most surely you will find it there.

Philadelphia, Pa. MISS NICKLEBY.

No. 318. DIAMOND.

1. A letter. 2. An errand boy. 3. Provokes. 4. Dispositions. 5. Minerals. 6 Giddy. 7. One to whom a thing is set apart. 8. Certain assemblies. 9. A fortified town of European Turkey. 10. To follow up. 11. A letter.

Westerly, R. I. DICK.

No. 319 ANAGRAM

This event right justly closed a tedious war
HIGHS FOR HE TOOK DOWN TYRANT, WELL, HURRA'

Philadelphia, Pa. PEGGOTTY.

No. 320 SQUARE.

1. A Polish national dance.
2. Eye pieces of optical instruments.
3. Displaces
4. A county of California.
5. A purveyor of provisions.
6. Believing.
7. Trees plucked up by the roots

New York City. WAVERLY.

No. 321 TRIPLE CROSSWORDS.

In brittle in spittle and whittle,
In receptacle but not in box,
In schooner, in steamer and steamer,
In ingratitude but not in fox
In furring, in spurring and purring,
In shipping but not in bee,
In leanest, in cleanest and meanest,
Animal, bird and insect see.

Dunkirk, N. Y. MY DOT.

No. 322. DIAMOND.

1. A letter. 2. Thrown off one's balance. 3. An ancient Biblical king. 4. A town of Germany. 5. Healing. 6 Pertaining to a Musulman. 7. Governed. 8. A certain sect. 9. Canals. 10. A stripling. 11. A letter.

Baltimore, Md. HAL HAZARD.

No. 323. ANAGRAM.

(To "Peggotty" with regards.)

OH BOTHER IT, GO ON. START ON THE WAR IN B.

In our his-
Tory this
Event you can find.
One cold night,
By moonlight,
Sixty Yankees, mind
Did this act,
With great tact.
And with resolution.
'Twas, in part,
The first start,
Of the Revolution.

New York City. KOS.

No. 324. RHOMBOID.

ACROSS:—1. Having a certain part of a flower. 2. Involved. 3. Feasts. 4 One who departs. 5. Renewal. 6. Venerated 7. An altar piece.

DOWN:—1. A letter 2. A scripture name. 3. A resinous substance. 4. To assert. 5. Slim. 6. A beetle. 7. To transfer. 8 To draw. 9 To distinguish. 10. Unusual. 11. Allured. 12. A note in music. 13. A letter.

Danbury, Conn. NUTMEG.

No. 325. CHARADE.

My FIRSTALS, my SECOND, my THIRD
Combined are of letters six:
But each is a two-letter word,
As surely as bricks are bricks.
By the lyrical Psalmist of old,
King David, a warrior, as well,
My FIRST was oft uttered, I'm told,
When of heavenly bliss he'd tell;
'Tis used to attention attract
To a saying prolix or compact.
When neighbors are SECOND swords-points,
Look out for a shindy or row!
When elbows are knocked out of joint,
And friendship delivers her bow
The poem great Cowper once wrote,
On Friendship I'd apropos quote,
I speak not of woman so frail
That she can't scrub a floor once a week;
But to balls in gay equipage sail,
And carocole till she can't speak;—
O, no, not of woman, I sing,
But the muse to her LOVER I bring.
A reptile whose home is the mire.
Whose body is slime to the touch,
To handle we have no desire,
But WHOLE it "not little but much."
Of riches we say not the same.
Nor, what is still better of fame.

Washington, D. C. GIL BLAS.

No. 326. DIAMOND.

ACROSS:—1. A letter, 2 To coop. 3. A town in N. W. Africa. 4. One who transmits 5 Enthusiastic. 6. Factions. 7. Serenades 8. An ancient Italian race. 9. Situations. 10. A poem. 11. A letter.

DOWN:—1 A letter. 2. A province in N. W. Africa. 3. Mistresses. 4. A river in Spain. 5. Originating in the character of the germ. 6. Inflammation of the lining membrane of the abdomen. 7. Sailed. 8. Relates 9. Runs. 10. A province in Beloochistan. 11. A letter

Sedalia, Mo. EFFIE.

ANSWERS NEXT WEEK.

PRIZES FOR SOLUTIONS.

1. The POST six months for FIRST COMPLETE list.
2. The POST three months for NEXT BEST list.

SOLVERS

Cerebrations of November 8th were solved by A. Solver, Flowy Ann, Asian, Y. M. A., Peggotty, O. Possum, Live Oak, Sam Weller, W. O. W., Javelin, Grebrennewj, Thron, Gil Blas.

COMPLETE LISTS:—A Solver.

PRIZE WINNERS.

1. A. Solver, - - Kenton, Ohio.
2. Flowy Ann, - Lexington, Ky.
3. Asian, - - - - Baltimore, Md.

ACCEPTED CONTRIBUTIONS

Hal Hazard—Three Squares, Towhead—Numerical, Waverly—Two Squares, Beech Nut—Crossword and Pyramid, Alec Sander—Two Squares. Yenaled—Crosswords Nicodemus—Numerical, Charade, Reversed Rhomboid, and three Squares.

LITTLE LETTERS.

W. O. W.—Pretty well done. Try again

BEECH NUT—Glad to see you We accept the Crossword and Pyramid and will use them soon

TOWHEAD—Numerical A 1. Just the kind that we have been hankering after.

ALEC. SANDER—We accept the two sizes and will shock up as soon as possible.

WAVERLY—Your last sevens are first-rate. We are doing all we can for you.

HAL HAZARD—The three sevens have been laid on down to keep them in good condition. Of course they will appear immediately, if not sooner.

NIC O'DEMUS Last batch containing the sevens and eights very fine. California delights in large displays Come often.

YENALED—Crosswords received. Thanks for paper. You are doing very well, indeed

JF PEN—Sam Weller is totally unknown to us, but we suppose he keeps POSTed from the fact that he answered your Anagram There appear to be two Sams though, as we received solutions from different persons as follows:— "I've got the cue,

THE WESTERN U-
NION TELEGRAPH, you see
It's COMPANY
Runs you and me—
They spells it with a WE!"

"If Pen," the renowned WESTERN boy,
Doth a TELEGRAPH battery employ,
And handles THE keys
With a delicate ease
Though "responses" his senses annoy.
More than NINETEEN-fold COMPANY bear,
Who stoutly and truly declare,
That a UNION of strength
Has Tom in the length
Of his fingers a union quite rare
Both signed 'Sam Weller' which rather mystifies

WILKINS MICAWBER.

THE HOUSE BY THE SEA.

BY E. S. L.

Just on the other side of the road,
  At my little house by the sea,
Roll the waves with that tireless ebb and flow,
Where sunrise and sunset shed rosy glow,
And the starlight gleams, and the breezes blow
  Round the little house by the sea.

Lying back on my couch alone,
  In my little house by the sea,
Nothing for listless watching lies
But the great blue seas and the great blue skies,
Save when a grey gull flits and flies
  By my little house by the sea.

Only the voice of the ripples sounds
  By my little house by the sea,
And sometimes an echo of laughter sweet,
As the children run down the quiet street,
Or of passing wheels as the neighbors meet
  By my little house by the sea.

Out in the faint horizon line,
  From my little house by the sea,
The smoke from the steamship stains the sky,
Or the snowy sails of a barque glide by,
Or a fisher's boat fills the dreamy eye,
  In the little house by the sea.

Are fond eyes watching from other shores
  As mine, from my house by the sea,
With love whose brightness fear creeps to
  check
With fancies of danger and storm and wreck
For those who are pacing the good ship's deck
  That passes the house by the sea?

Or does the thundering warships bear
  By the little house by the sea
Our nation's sailors, our nation's pride,
The gallant ranks, who true and tried,
Bear the standard, flying free and wide,
  By the little house by the sea?

The boat that tosses upon the waves,
  By the little house by the sea,
Wherever its broad brown sail is spread,
It bears to his daily toil from bread
Some humble household's stay and head
  From his cottage by the sea.

So, lying back on my couch alone,
  In my little house by the sea,
God speed them on their course, I say,
To the longing hearts, to the victor fray,
To the honest labor of every day,
None the worse for the silent prayer I pray
  In my little house by the sea.

ODD ANNOUNCEMENTS.

ANNOUNCEMENTS, either in the newspapers or posted up for the perusal of all comers, are sometimes so droll that we have selected one or two for the amusement of our readers.

Mr. Caudal of Kansas, who thought it necessary to advertise that he had brought his wooing to a successful issue, issued the following notice: "From this time forth, hereafter and for ever, until Miss Anne Gould becomes a widow, all young men are requested to withdraw their particular attentions."

It would not do to take some things as read. A religious journal announcing a forthcoming fancy-fair, told its readers: "The annual sale of the ladies of the society will take place on Thursday next." A Boston cafe-keeper, after calling attention to his choice wines, cigars, and oysters, adds: "Families and parties supplied either on shell, per gallon, or cooked to order;" and a shoemaker advertises his readiness to furnish boys and girls at all prices, and boasts that his babies' department pleases everybody, offering "the greatest choice in the world." Such an announcement might be taben literally, if it met one's eyes in New York, where "Babies or children exchanged" challenges the attention in a shop-window, and is only one of many strange notifications.

To be Jack of all trades rather than master of one is now a common aim, so we are not at all astonished at the versatile Anne Aguker announcing that she "attends as sick-nurse, watches dead bodies, repairs straw chairs, supplies leeches, and makes pastries, desserts, and delicacies." Equally anxious to turn a penny in one way or another is the denizen of a well known city, whose modest card runs: "Goods removed, messages taken, carpets beaten, and poetry composed on any subject." But this inglorious Milton must yield the palm to a signboard, put up some sixty years ago, that read: "Blacksmith's and barber's work done here, horse-shoeing and shaving, locks mended and hare-curled, bleeding, tooth-drawing, and all other farriery work: all sorts of spirates licker akording to the late comerce treaty. Tak notis: my wife keeps skool and larns folks as yu shall; teches reading and riting, and all other langurtches, and has assistants if required, to teach horritory, sowing, the mathematics, and all other fashionable diversions."

The orthographical originality thus displayed would have delighted Artemus Ward. Says that pleasant writer somewhere: "Sweetness is tiresome, variety is pleasing. I have a correspondent whose letters are a refreshment to me; there is such a breezy unfettered originality about his orthography. He always spells cow with a large K. Now that is just as good as to spell it with a small one. It is better. It gives the imagination a broader field, wider scope. It suggests to the mind a grand, impressive, new kind of cow." Obadiah Rogers thought a little k answered the purpose equally well, giving all whom it might concern due "nottis" that "know kow is allowed in those medders, any men or women letten there kows run the rode wot gits inter my medders aforesaid, shall have his tail cut off by me." As unconventional a speller as Obadiah or the showman's friend was the Missourian who wrote on his fence: "Ce bear! Eye don't want ennybodi that has hosses which has the epplexsuick influenze or any uther name to cum thru this gait. Kepahi!"—a warning probably as effective as the more verbose notice a sportsman caine across in Indiana, which ran thus: "Noils, to man who cum on my plais with guns, hurraying voices and braying dogs, a shooting and a killing my game. I will no longer stand it, for I have only three coveys of quales and not to exceed ten squerrels on my plais which I want myself, and to those men who bring there dogs and hurraying voices here a killing my birds will be fined according as law for I want all the woodpeckers as they are by nature a ravising animal for worms and such like, and my jay-birds hurt no won, and if let alone will help me mucnly in the spring to keep away grewb worms and the like. I want all my woodchucks for my eteing as I never disturb them, keeping them to get fat, when they air worth to me as much as my chickens air. I say this to inform sum fools from Logansport who seem to like to kill my woodchucks and says for the fun I mean business as shure as I now sine my name."

This worthy would have done better to have imitated the brevity of the game-preserver up North, who said his say in four words: "No Gunen Aloud Here!"

Far more satisfactory to contemplate must have been the board of the Arkansas ferryman, with its hospitable intimation: "If ennybody cums hear arter licker, or to git across the river, they can jes blow this hear horn, and of I don't cum when my Betsy up at the hous hears the horn blown, she'll cum down and sell them the licker or set them across the river when I'm away from hoam.—John Wilson. N. B.—Them that can't red will have to go to the Hous arter Betsy, taint but half a mile there."

Grains of Gold.

Virtue is the safest helmet—the most secure defense.

It is much easier to be wise for others than for ourselves.

Hasty people drink the nectar of existence scalding hot.

Right is a dull weapon, unless skill and good sense wield it.

The wise fortify themselves by reason, and fools by despair.

He that pelts at every barking dog must pick a great many stones.

Let us search ourselves in the first place, and afterwards the world.

He that too much refines his delicacy will always endanger his quiet.

Favors of every kind are doubled when they are speedily conferred.

It is in the power of the meanest to triumph over fallen greatness.

No denunciation is so eloquent as the final influence of a good example.

We have little moral faith in those who have never been imposed upon.

He who refuses justice to the defenceless, will make every concession to the powerful.

The man who does not know how to leave off, will make accuracy frivolous and vexatious.

With what different eye do we view an action when it is our own and when it is another's.

No triumph is so great as that of the soul over the body. It is inspired by the highest motive.

It is difficult for persons strongly attached to their interest to be strictly honest in their dealings.

Preserve the privacy of your house, marriage state, and heart, from relatives and all the world.

As we go on in life we cannot afford excitement, and we learn to be parsimonious in our emotions.

Do not try to force yourself into the confidence of others. If they give their confidence, never betray it.

To wipe all tears from all faces is a task too hard for mortals; but to alleviate misfortunes is within the most limited power.

Do not use profanity, vulgar terms, slang phrases, words of double meaning, or language that will bring the blush to anyone.

We take lessons in art, literature—a thousand things; but that high sense of honor—man's obligation to man, is forgotten.

Do not intersperse your language with foreign words and high-sounding terms. It shows affectation, and will draw ridicule upon you.

A bad habit is like a cat, in that it has nine lives. And like a cat also, you must kill it nine times before you can be sure that it is dead.

When you say of a man that religion has got hold of his pocketbook, you may be reasonably sure that his religion is the right kind.

Politeness is the outward garment of good will; but many are the nutshells in which, if you crack them, nothing like a kernel is to be found.

The music and the glory of nature go along with the joyful, as the moon seems to the child to run beside him through all the streets.

Almost every man wastes part of his life in attempts to display qualities which he does not possess, and to gain applause which he cannot keep.

The powers of the mind, when they are unbound and expanded by the sunshine of felicity, more frequently luxuriate into follies than blossom into goodness.

Do not carry on a conversation with another in company about matters which the general company knows nothing of. It is almost as impolite as to whisper.

He who troubles himself more than he needs, grieves also more than is necessary, for the same weakness which makes him anticipate his misery, makes him enlarge it, too.

The greatest man is he who chooses the right with invincible resolution; who resists the sorest temptations from within and without; who bears the heaviest burdens cheerfully.

Some persons are capable of making great sacrifices, but few are capable of concealing how much the effort has cost them; and it is this concealment that constitutes their value.

To put up with the world is better than to control it. This is the very acme of virtue. Religion leads us to it in a day; philosophy only conducts to it by a lengthened life, misery, or death.

Life is a stream which continually flows on, but never returns. We die daily; for each day takes away some portion of life. The days which are past are gone forever; the present moment only is our own.

There is dew in one flower, and not in another, because one opens its cup and takes it, while the other closes itself, and the drops run off. So Heaven rains goodness and mercy as wide as the dew, and if we lack them it is because we will not open our hearts to receive them.

We all love pleasure, and abhor sorrow. No one will choose a cloudy sky and a rough path; but these evils have their good parts, and those who really long for peace and happiness will try to find out and extract them, instead of hurrying along resentfully, or with forced gayety.

Femininities.

Call a 200 pound girl "Little Rosebud" if you want to please her.

It seems hard that when a man dies, his better-half is entitled to only a third.

Three Tennessee women are vouched for who had one hundred and eleven children.

If there be a curse that has come to earth as the crow flies, it is that of an ill assorted marriage.

Modesty promotes worth but conceals it, just as leaves aid the growth of fruit and hide it from view.

The noblest quality wherewith nature has endowed woman, for the good of the world, is maternal love.

The man gives in charity from his superfluity; woman gives when she has not enough for herself.

Cloth wraps in wine color and blue are worn in Paris. They are trimmed with bands of bright cashmere.

A Southern beauty who has the name of Mignonette Violet, has a sister Rose Violet and a brother Wood Violet.

The porte bonheur bracelet is fastened on the arm by a padlock, the key being suspended as a charm to the watch chain.

The tear of a loving girl is like a dewdrop on the rose; but that on the cheek of a wife is a drop of poison to her husband.

English girls have improved upon the language of the fan and the handkerchief by devising a copious vocabulary of the glove.

The great ambition of a woman is to clothe herself in garments that the least drop of water or the least bit of sunshine will either spoil or fade.

Mrs. Shoddy wants to know why Frenchmen never write anything but the initial letter of their first Christian name, and why that initial is always M.

A Michigan woman hid her cow under the hay to keep her out of sight of the tax-collector, and a newspaper calls it a case of cow-hiding by a female.

Byron once said of a lady whose tongue suggested perpetual motion to every visitor, that she had been dangerously ill but was now dangerously well again.

It is a French philosopher who says that "the average female dresses for her lover or her husband, the girl for her rival, but only the true woman for herself."

Some of the merchants West are employing women as collectors, giving as a reason therefor that when the bills are presented no man would refuse to pay them.

A young woman in Hamilton county, Ohio, won a prize by preparing a good dinner in sixty five minutes. One girl cooked a dinner in fifty-four minutes, but it was not good.

Never chide your husband before company, nor prattle abroad of mishaps at home. What passes between two people is much easier made up before than after it has taken air.

An indignant old bachelor says it is time to stop talking of the softening influence of wives. A western man who has four of them has just been sent to the penitentiary for stealing horses.

Bright colored silk neckerchiefs are all the rage. They are worn knotted simply around the throat outside of the coat or circular. Deep cardinal and Spanish yellow are especially desirable colors.

A woman's friendship borders more closely on love than a man's. Men affect each other in the reflection of noble or friendly acts, while women ask fewer proofs, and more signs and expressions of attachment.

The novelty for the ensuing season will be "colored dances;" which, being translated, means dances at which ladies must appear in green, red, or whatever color of the rainbow the hostess chooses to appoint.

Vain is it for women when a virtuous love has once entered the breast, to attempt to expel the intruder. Once admitted, it is like the key-stone of an arch which it, instead of dislodging, presses more firmly into its place.

When a woman gets on the shady side of forty, there are two things of which she is positively certain: That she knows more than all the doctors in Christendom, and that if it wasn't for her grey hairs people wouldn't take her to be over thirty.

Years and years ago it used to be said that a girl might be willing to be kissed when she voluntarily put a boy's hat on her head. That cannot be true, for hundreds of pretty girls are now wearing the little round Derby hats, and looking well under them.

Let the young housewife cultivate a mild, easy temper, for what matters it how well her house be ordered, if she want command over herself? Who can enjoy the most skilfully cooked dinner, if the aspect of the mistress of the feast be sour and uninviting?

A leader of fashion in San Francisco has had her chairs and sofas and the cushions of her carriages stuffed with aromatic herbs, in imitation of a practice prevalent among Oriental nations. It need hardly be said that she lives in an atmosphere of constant perfume.

"St. Katharine's Nurses," as the members of a new order for women, established by Queen Victoria, are called, are to wear a badge or armlet with the letters "S. K." in the centre. They are all to be persons trained in their calling and selected for good characters.

A new bracelet is made of a narrow band of gold, clasped with a small golden owl which has emerald eyes. The engraving of the owl's plumage is very fine and the design quite novel. A ring is made of a serpent coiled around four times and with a turquise set in his uplifted head.

A pleasant, cheerful wife, is a rainbow set in the sky, where her husband's mind is tossed with storms and tempests; but a dissatisfied and fretful wife, in the hour of trouble, is like a thunder cloud charged with electric fluid. At such times a wise man will keep clear, if possible, in order to avoid the shock.

A Denver girl, for diversion, not only engaged herself to marry two men, but appointed the same day, hour and place for a secret wedding with each. The suitors were somewhat disconcerted by each other's presence, as well as by the girl's absence, but they finally came to an amicable understanding to despise her.

Lucelia.

A man of no account—A book-keeper out of a situation.

The happy medium—A gentleman between two ladies.

A play is said to "run" when it stays a long time at one theatre.

"None but the brave deserve the hair," is the way the Indians put it.

If speech is silver, and silence gold, how much is a dumb man worth?

An alarm clock in a house generally wakes up the wrong sleeper.

To make apple trees bear, pick off all the leaves as soon as they appear.

An editor says of a neighbor with a quivering eyelid, that he "stutters in the left eye."

A New York saloon-keeper advertises for "a boy to open oysters about fifteen years old."

"I'll take the responsibility," as a doting father said, when he held out his arms for the baby.

An Alabama editor mildly alludes to his rival as "a reservoir of falsehood and an aqueduct of mendacity."

Smythekin's idea of window-gardening is to sit in a window and watch other people do the gardening outside.

It is sweet to have friends you can trust, and convenient sometimes to have friends who are not afraid to trust you.

A hotel clerk is one of those beings who has a great deal of dignity to sustain, and very little brains to sustain it with.

Silly poetry should be written on both sides of a sheet of paper, so that it will not be published when editors get hold of it.

The mother of a charming New York girl would not let her marry a conductor, because she didn't want her doors slammed off.

If an officer should lose both arms on the field of battle, what is the imperative duty of soldiers towards him? To "present arms" to him.

A French writer says: "The seasons in London are equally divided. There are four months of winter, four of fog, and four of rain."

The widows of Brigham Young do not bedew his grave with tears. It is fortunate, as if they should, it would wash the whole business away.

Farmers are just now laying in their winter's fuel, and the more grown-up daughters the bigger the wood pile. Allowance must be made for sparks.

The family physician asked the clergyman, satirically, how the patriarchs came to live so long. "Because they took no physic," said the minister.

The American public is so fond of foreign things that it will swallow New Orleans cotton seed oil when it comes back from Italy in olive-oil bottles.

The youth who sat upon a hot stove-lid, thinking it cold, now lies on his stomach and reads about the general who burned his bridges behind him.

Shakspeare never repeated. There was a little boy in Kentucky who resembled the bard in this particular. He very thoughtlessly twisted a mule's tail.

In order to keep up with the progress of the age, Time is said to have abandoned the scythe and hour-glass, and purchased a mowing-machine and a watch.

"Mr. James, how do you keep your books?" "On, by double entry." "Double entry—how's that?" "Easy enough; I make one entry, and father makes another."

A scientific man who has been reading, with great patience, an exhaustive treatise on the "velocity of light," says that he now knows how it is that his gas bill runs up so rapidly.

"Pay me that dollar you owe me, Mr. Mulaney," said a village attorney. "For what?" "For the opinion you had of me." "Faith, I never had any opinion of you in all my life."

A member of the New York "Lazy Club" has just been expelled, for going at a faster gait than a walk. The recusant offered, in mitigation of the sentence, the fact that the sheriff was after him, but the society was inexorable.

A gentleman named Dunlop remarked that he had never heard his name pooned upon, and did not believe it could be done. "There is nothing in the world more easy, sir," said a punster. "Just lop off half the name, and it is Dun."

The saddest instance of misplaced confidence on record is that of a Connecticut man who rescued another from a watery grave only to find that instead of his long-lost brother, it was a person to whom he owed three dollars and a half for turnips.

It is said of Mirabeau's servant, that he came weeping to his master one day. "Alas!" he sobbed out, "I must have done something dreadful, or I should not be so overlooked and neglected. Your lordship has not knocked me down since Tuesday."

"How is it, my dear, that you have never kindled a flame in the bosom of a man?" said an old lady to her pretty niece, who was portionless. "The reason, aunt," replied the young lady, "is, as you well know, that I am not a good match."

Some of the historical critics are trying to make out that there never was any such man as William Tell. Others say that if there was such a man he didn't amount to much, as, according to the most favorable account of him, he was an arrow-minded fellow.

WHERE THERE IS A WEAKNESS OF THE THROAT OR LUNGS, a Cold neglected may be all that is required to establish a lingering and generally fatal disease. Even where there is no special tendency to Bronchial or Pulmonary troubles a severe Cold, left to take care of itself, often plants the seeds of a serious complaint, sure to be developed by subsequent indiscretions. Take especial care of your health, therefore, from the very earliest symptoms of a Cough or Cold, by prudently resorting to Dr. Jayne's Expectorant, which will soothe and strengthen the bronchial tubes, allay inflammation, and cleanse them and the lungs of all irritating substances. An ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure.

Sarah's Young Man.

BY BERTE BAYLE.

SARAH BLAKE was neither very young nor very beautiful. But her father owned the best and biggest farm in Horley; and being an only child, she was accounted an eligible match in thrifty circles.

Dick Sanders and Ted Brant were rival suitors for her hand. She had just to say the word which of them she'd have; but it was just *that* that made her hesitate—there was so little choice between them

Such delays are always dangerous Whilst Sarah wavered, uncertain which to hold and which to let go, both at once her captives slipped the leash.

They might have plead that they had done no worse than others. For, when Jenny Allen's father came with his beautiful daughter to dwell in Horley, there was a general flocking of the swains about the shrine of the new idol, and Ted and Dick only followed the rest.

But Sarah Blake was not a woman to view a lover's defection lightly. Nor did it weaken her resentment to divide it between two. She had quite enough for both; and it being quite uncertain which of them she would have chosen, in meting out her anger she gave each the disadvantage of the doubt.

Jenny Allen was civil and polite to all, without showing a preferance to any. Dick Sanders and Ted Brant were foremost among her admirers. Indeed, the others stood a good deal in awe of them, and hung back; for they were a pair of churlish, brawny chaps, little inclined to brook competition, and whose ill-will few cared to court. Between themselves the question of which should yield was fast reaching a point when its settlement by "wager of battle" seemed inevitable, when things took a turn which put a new face on affairs.

Will Harvey came from town to spend his summer vacation at an aunt's in Horley

One day, while sauntering, rod in hand, along the charming little river that wound through the valley, Will unexpectedly came on something that drove fishing completely out of his head.

On a mossy bank, shaded by overhanging boughs, sat a young girl deep in the pages of a book. Her profile, which was towards him, presented a contour so perfect that it would have defied the sculptor's art to reproduce it. The shower of glossy ringlets which fell upon the matchless neck and shoulders stole a new tinge from every shifting glimmer of light sifted through the undulating leaves. Her cheek would pale and flush, and her eyes flash and melt by turns, with the varied emotions called up by what she read.

Will Harvey would have gladly remained a silent spectator of a sight so lovely, but felt he had no right to do so.

Advancing in a manner to attract the girl's attention, he raised his hat and asked some commonplace questions about certain localities in the neighborhood. These answered, in a voice so rich and musical that every tone made his heart flutter, he found more things to ask about. till, by degrees, a conversation sprung up which lasted till the young lady, suddenly remembering how long it had continued, with a blush caught up her gipsy hat, bade him a pleasant good day, and tripped away lightly.

Thus began the acquaintance of Will Harvey and Jenny Allen. But it was not likely to end there. For, as Will's first stolen glimpse of Jenny settled her title, in his eyes, to be called the loveliest creature in the world, it is quite as certain that her first impressions of the handsome stranger were hardly less exalted.

A formal introduction followed, and, in a little time, Will and Jenny were so constantly together that the rural gossips began to talk of their engagement as a thing quite settled.

This was wormwood to Dick Sanders and Ted Brant. They began to look askance at Will Harvey, and were only restrained from picking an open quarrel with him by reflecting that he was a trim-built, wiry fellow who mightn't be so easily handled, to say nothing of the plucky look there was in his keen, dark eyes.

One day, Dick at the turn of the lane down which he was strolling, sulkingly as usual over his bad fortune, was met by Sarah Blake.

She felt awkward and confused. Sarah had a valorous tongue, and he had no ground to expect mercy. To his surprise, however, she met his clumsy greeting graciously, for the time disposed, apparently, to forget past grievances

"I've news," she said,—"news you'd give a deal to know."

"What is it, Sally?" he asked, coaxingly.

"Oh, never mind!"

"Come, Sally, for old acquaintance sake!"

Was it a smile or a scowl she gave him then? Dick wasn't sure, and was beginning to tremble again, when Sarah resumed a gracious mien

"Well, seeing it's you," she said, "I don't mind telling. Jennie Allen is going to elope with Will Harvey to-night. He's to be at her father's back garden gate at twelve o'clock, his face covered with a black mask. When he gives a low whistle, thrice repeated, she's to come out, and then they'll flit together. Here are all the details in a note in her own hand, which I picked up after seeing it drop from Will Harvey's pocket as he cantered down the road half-an-hour since. Read for yourself."

Dick ground his teeth as his eyes ran over the lines which confirmed every word of Sarah's statement.

"What are you going to do?" asked Sarah, with a provoking coolness that roused Dick's fury.

"Do!" he growled. "I'd pommel the villain, if I could only lay hands on him!"

"I can put you on a better plan."

"What is it!"

"Disguise yourself as the letter indicates. Be on the spot a little before the time. Give the concerted signal, and when the lady comes, flit with her yourself. Ten to one, when she sees the trap she's in, she'll marry you to avoid the exposure. At any rate, you'll earn her father's gratitude by thwarting Harvey's plot."

"But suppose Harvey, too, comes before the time, and we meet at the gate!"

"Knock him down, beat him senseless, give the signal, and get away with the prize before he comes to."

"I'll do it!" cried Dick, his eyes flashing fiercely. "Good-bye, Sally; I'll have news for *you* when we next meet!"

It lacked a quarter to twelve when Dick Sanders, his face masked, stole up to Mr. Allen's garden gate. At the same moment a man similarly disguised approached by another path. For an instant the pair confronted each other. They both sprang forward, striking out with might and main Blows rained thick and fast. The combatants were well matched. After a mutual hammering for ten minutes, without advantage to either side, they grappled and went down together Then they scuffled, and bit, and scratched, till they rolled apart from sheer exhaustion, and lay glaring at each other in helpless rage. Both their masks were torn to tatters, and as the bright moonlight beamed down upon their battered faces, each uttered an exclamation of surprise

"Ted Brant!" panted the one.

"Dick Sanders!" gasped the other.

"I thought it was the scoundrel Harvey!" replied Dick

"So did I!" rejoined Ted.

A brief comparison of notes disclosed that Sarah Blake, after her interview with Dick, had a similar one with Ted; the result being as above narrated, a desperate encounter, in which each thought he was pommelling away at Will Harvey. The letter, we need hardly say, was amiable Sarah's own production.

Before Dick and Ted were presentable again, Will Harvey and Jenny Allen were happily married with the full consent of the latter's father, who, indeed, had never opposed the match

Sarah Blake is still a maiden.

Important Testimony.

"There is no doubt," says the Boston *Journal of Commerce*, "as to the genuineness and positive results of the 'Compound Oxygen Treatment.' From what we learn of this new cure, we are well satisfied that its general use would annually save thousands from untimely graves and give back to full or comparative health tens of thousands of weary or suffering invalids to whom life is now a burden." Our "Treatise on Compound Oxygen" sent free. Address DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, 1112 Girard St., Philadelphia, Pa.

News Notes.

General Grant's father died at the age of eighty, and his mother is still living.

Postmaster General Key loves to play cards, and frequently has a game of solitaire.

A London paper believes that it is much more important to a girl to be pretty than to be clever.

Yung Wing, the Chinese Ambassador, is building a residence in the Oriental style at Washington.

The historian Bancroft, who in his old age likes to ride horseback, is an enthusiast on the subject of music.

Secretary Schurz sits of an evening with a cigar in his mouth, playing on the piano, and improvising melodies.

Italian brigands have carried off a good prize, the Baron Brucato, one of the richest proprietors in Altmena.

Mrs Langtry, the "Jersey Lily" and famous London belle, does not patronize Worth, but makes her own dresses

While Mr. Lowe was recently speaking in the House of Commons, he lost his notes, and was compelled to "shut up."

Secretary Thompson, of the navy, goes to bed at half past nine, and he is a good talker, especially on theological subjects.

The Denver Tribune says that a mere millionaire is a mere nobody at Leadville. Men talk there of five or ten-millionaires.

The Crown Prince and Princess of Germany, at present in Italy, are early risers, "up and about with the lark, and seldom rising later than six."

After smoking constantly all her life Miss Ruth Richmore, of Brownington, Vt., gives up her pipe, believing it is injuring her health. She is 96 years old.

In Pittsburg, Pa., a large number of streets, alleys, and avenues bear the same name. The confusion resulting from this condition of things has become so great that a special committee of councils has been commissioned to remedy the evil.

The new Queen Christina, of Spain, is to receive a curious present from an inhabitant of Madrid. This is nothing less than a pair of stockings made from an onion peel.

A report says that Canon Farrar will soon be made Dean of Worcester. In this office he will have an income of $6 000 a year and a handsome residence near the Cathedral.

At the Oneida and Wallingford communities sixteen marriages have taken place since their change from promiscuous marriage to having one husband and one wife.

Two hundred and thirty six of the Gloucester, Mass., fishermen have gone to the bottom of the sea during the last twelve months. No life-saving appliances help their perilous trade.

Dr. Glenn, the California wheat-grower, is said to have had 45 000 acres in wheat this year; his crop was 800 000 bushels. For working his enormous ranche he has 400 double teams.

At the daily devotions of a Yarmouth, Me., family, a favorite cat would always insist on being present, until her kittens were drowned one day in her presence. From that hour the cat has refused to attend service.

The last way of using a cashmere shawl is to make it into a piano-cover. It is festooned across the front of the instrument in graceful fashion that suggests the undertaker rather than the upholsterer, and is carefully looped at the back.

Charles Warren Stoddard made a call on Mr. Longfellow the other day. In his letter, descriptive of the chat, Mr. Stoddard ventures the following: "It's a singular fact that Longfellow is more popular in England than Tennyson, the laureate."

Brussels now possesses a national diorama representing the battle of Waterloo. The visitor, after ascending a narrow staircase, finds himself on a circular platform some five or six yards in diameter, in presence of a vivid picture of a scene which occurred 64 years ago.

Mr. Patrick S. Gilmore, under what he believes to be heavenly inspiration, has written a national hymn, and composed the air necessary to make the whole complete. He has done this because he has believed that this country has long needed something of the kind.

Purify the blood, Cleanse the Stomach and Sweeten the Breath with Hop Bitters.

The Mobile, Ala., Register, reckons that $20,000,000 will be made this year by Southern planters by the rise in crops over what they expected to get for them, and it urges that part of this be put into establishment of manufactories in the South, especially for those spinning yarn from seed cotton.

Selim, the great horse, died in Cincinnati on the the 4th inst. He was thought to be the largest horse in the world. He was bred in Pennsylvania, and drifted into Ohio, where the city of Cincinnati gave him work in the street cleaning department. He was nineteen hands high, and weighed 2,800 pounds.

There is Health Ahead.

For cheerless dyspeptics who will use Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which will enable them to digest, restore their appetites, steady their nerves, and drive away the blues. If with such a prospect there are any of them who neglect to profit by the above suggestion why, they deserve to suffer, that is all. Let them ask anyone who has used the Bitters if it is not a good medicine, and if they receive a truthful reply it will be an affirmative. Biliousness, bowel troubles, debility, rheumatism are all conquered by this highly esteemed and professionally sanctioned specific, which has also won a national reputation as a remedy for, and means of averting intermittent and remittent fevers. It has a cheering effect upon the despondent invalid, and may be relied upon to produce decisive, and not palliative effects. It is the one thing needful for the cure of dyspepsia, and nothing will supply its place.

Energy.

One of the finest and most commendable examples for the emulation of our young business men of the day is given in the life and success of the Hon. Daniel F. Beatty, the famous piano and organ manufacturer, of Washington, New Jersey. Starting from comparatively nothing, without wealth or influence, he has succeeded by dint of unremitting honesty, energy, and perseverance, in not only raising himself into affluence and even political honor—having been recently elected Mayor of his city—but he has also made his wares known over the entire continent. And when we consider that this prodigy of industry and enterprise was a few years since almost unknown beyond the boundaries of his native State, it shows how strongly those truly American elements of success—energy and persistency, are developed in his character. But the results of his ceaseless activity and enterprise do not stop with himself. He has made the name of Washington, New Jersey, though in a less invidious manner, almost as extensively known as its national namesake. From his humble beginning in one small factory there, he has now established four immense structures, turning out scores of instruments and giving constant employment to hundreds of skilled workmen. Such phenomenal prosperity could only be the result of exceptional character, and this Mr. Beatty displays in all his transactions The integrity and regularity which has founded his present immense business is noticeable in the smallest particulars of his daily life. Even to the apparently trifling details of slumber and waking hours he is governed by the rules of that inviolable system which have hitherto stood him in such good stead. And indeed it is such men who deserve Fortune's favors. For coupled with their own good luck—the unfailing return of enterprise and fair dealing—is the prosperity and welfare of others. And in the instance of Mr. Beatty not only is this the case; with the increased advantages of his fellow-townsmen and employees, but also the whole country, for his determination to show the world that a magnificent organ or piano could be made and sold at one-fifth the price asked for them by monopolists, has enabled thousands to buy instruments who, had it not been for him, could never hope to secure one at the exorbitant rates charged by other houses. Thus he has proved a public benefactor, and while showing himself a true specimen of native pluck, won a claim to the lasting gratitude of all.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure for Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. W. SHERAR, 149 Powers' Block, Rochester, N.Y.

Reward Offered.

A liberal reward is ready for any one who can essentially improve Warner's Safe Bitters as a pleasant and permanently effective tonic, blood purifier and preventive of disease. It is good for all diseases.

A CARD.—To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of vitality, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the REV. JOSEPH T. INMAN, *Station D, New York City.*

OFFICE OF THE LEDGER,
NEW YORK, December 2, 1879.

This is to certify that I have used a lotion known as "Sapanule," and find it to be an excellent article for allaying inflammation.—ROBERT BONNER.

Tape Worm removed by Dr. KUNKEL, 259 N. 9th St. Phila., Pa. Pin, Seat & Stomach Worms. (Advice free.)

Quiet nerves and Balmy Sleep in Hop Bitters, for Sleepless Ladies and Invalids.

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Health or Body is Wealth of Mind.

RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

Pure blood makes sound flesh, strong bone and a clear skin. If you would have your flesh firm, your bones sound, without caries, and your complexion fair, use RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

A remedy composed of ingredients of extraordinary medical properties essential to purify, heal, repair, and invigorate the broken-down and wasted body—QUICK, PLEASANT, SAFE and PERMANENT in its treatment and cure.

No matter by what name the complaint may be designated, whether it be Scrofula, Consumption, Syphilis, Ulcers, Sores, Tumors, Boils, Erysipelas, or Salt Rheum, Diseases of the Lungs, Kidneys, Bladder, Womb, Skin, Liver, Stomach, or Bowels, either chronic or constitutional, the virus of the disease is in the BLOOD which supplies the waste, and builds and repairs these organs and wasted tissues of the system. If the blood is unhealthy, the process of repair must be unsound.

THE SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT not only is a compensating remedy, but secures the harmonious action of each of the organs. It establishes throughout the entire system functional harmony, and supplies the blood vessels with a pure and healthy current of new life. The skin, after a few days' use of the Sarsaparillian, becomes clear and beautiful. Pimples, Blotches, Black Spots, and Skin Eruptions are removed; Sores and Ulcers soon cured. Persons suffering from Scrofula, Eruptive Diseases of the Eyes, Mouth, Ears, Legs, Throat, and Glands, that have accumulated and spread, either from uncured diseases or mercury, or from the use of Corrosive Sublimate, may rely upon a cure if the Sarsaparillian is continued a sufficient time to make its impression on the system. PRICE $1 PER BOTTLE.

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In all cases where pain or discomfort is experienced, or if seized with Influenza, Diphtheria, Sore Throat, Mumps, Bad Coughs, Hoarseness, Bilious Colic, Inflammation of the Bowels, Stomach, Lungs, Liver, Kidneys, or with Croup, Quinsy, Fever and Ague, or with Neuralgia, Headache, Tic Doloreux, Toothache, Earache, or with Lumbago, Pain in the Back, or Rheumatism, or with Diarrhœa, Cholera Morbus, or Dysentery, or with Burns, Scalds, or Bruises, or with Strains, Cramps, or Spasms, the application of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will cure you of the worst of these complaints in a few hours.

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Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated, for the cure of all disorders of the stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys, bladder, nervous diseases, headache, constipation, costiveness, indigestion, dyspepsia, biliousness, bilious fever, inflammation of the bowels, piles, and all derangements of the internal viscera. Warranted to effect a positive cure.

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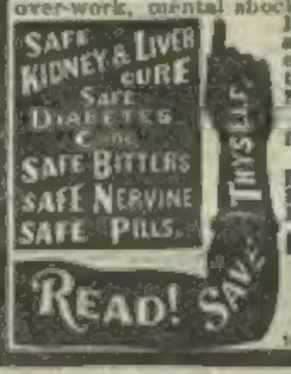

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Ladies' Department.

FASHION NOTES.

If paniers are to be the precursors of hoops and the return of distended skirts, the revival comes but slowly. Many of the Paris petticoats were arranged in the summer with a drawn puffing at the waist, made of an inserted crossway piece, but these do not appear to have taken; and one of the newest short white skirts we have seen has a band of the double material (if we may so call it), shaped exactly to the figure, coming down almost as far as the knee, and to this the skirt, which has lace and embroidery at the edge, is attached in a series of box-plaits, reaching to the edge; 2 yds. 30in. is the usual width round. Many dress petticoats will be worn short for dancing, as this plan is found more convenient; and the dress skirt, if worn long, will be even more heavily trimmed than heretofore with a balayeuse, for this is the only method which, in the present style of dancing, the train can be made to keep out of the way. Besides the lace-edged flouncing, it should have a deep box plaited piece of corded muslin reaching a quarter of a yard up the skirt. For dinner parties, and other occasions where long dresses are the style, trained petticoats are worn, but there appears to be nothing new in the cut of them.

Washing-silk petticoats are very fashionable under evening dresses, and in the winter they will be of quilted white silk and satin, with deep lace-edged flounces, the skirts being so cut that, in the present style of clinging draperies, they do not present an unsightly appearance. The novelty in washing silk skirts seems to be the headings to the flounces, which consist of some eight or nine close-set puffings about half an inch wide. The edge of the silk chemise is trimmed to match, so that there is the effect of two skirts. A very simple mode of making silk skirts, white and black—also blue or red twill, which are fashionable—I recommend to those who do such things at home. Cut the skirt with eight gores, so that about the waist it fits exactly, and can be buttoned, as all skirts should be, to the edge of the corsets; they should on no account reach to the waist, and make it bulky. No band will be required; merely line the top with two-inch wide ribbon. Leave the gores open at the lower edge to the depth of twelve inches, and to the back of each of these openings add a treble box-plaiting of the silk, then border the skirt and the box-plaiting with Breton lace, or point d'esprit, or Valenciennes if you will—for all are worn—and the straighter the edge of such lace, the more fashionable. Such a skirt falls most gracefully, and has the effect of several skirts, one above another.

For under-petticoats, in lieu of the light make of woven cotton brought out in the summer, there has been an influx into our market of hand-knitted woolen ones, in colorings, well-shaped, and having an open lace-like vandyke edge. They are very light and warm, and narrow at the top.

There is still an excess of trimming and drapery upon the dresses, but the colors are a little more subdued, and the most gorgeous of the materials are now used chiefly as trimmings to costumes of more quiet colors, or of plain fabrics. As an example, I will describe a dress of rich black gros-grain trimmed with cardinal broche silk. The skirt, which just touches the ground in front, has a square train edged with three narrow kilted frills, the middle one of which is of broche, and the other two of silk. A tunic, which is rather long, and fully draped behind, has deep pointed fronts, and is edged all round with a heavy fringe of black and cardinal. The points in front are only joined a little below the basques, and are drawn up over the hips to form slight paniers. At the bottom of the skirt, in front, are two frills—the upper one of cardinal, and above this a loose tablier or overskirt is formed of alternate broad-pointed folds of broche and silk, which reach to the top of the flounces. On the left side reaching from the waist to the bottom of the tunic, is a folded scarf of broche, with fringed ends, underneath which it is fastened. In front it is drawn up in the centre with a large bow of cardinal. The bodice is a high one with long basques. It has a long plastron both in front and at the back, of broche, which simulates a waistcoat; revers of the black silk turning back on either side. The sleeves are elbow ones, ornamented with two tiny kilted frills, the lower one of which is black.

A new bodice has been introduced in our winter modes, and the fashion of it comes from England. It is said that the Princess of Wales was the first to wear it, and for some weeks it was kept exclusively for her, and that in London it is known under the name of "The Guernsey." It fits the figure to perfection, is made of silk tissue, and has no seams. It is laced at the back, and moulds the bust and hips without a wrinkle, much in the style of the Renaissance bodices. In Paris it is called the "Veronese Cuirass."

A bodice of this style is a very dark myrtle-green silk—a dead mat silk, not in any way bright. Round the hips there is a band of plush of the same shade of myrtle-green, and this band is fastened at the back with a chased silver buckle. The sleeves are green satin, ornamented with plush bracelets, fastened with small silver buckles. The skirt consists of tunic of shawl-patterned material, called "Hindoo woolen," and it is bordered with a wide band of myrtle plush. This tunic is draped on the left hip; the skirt is myrtle-green satin, and two plaitings of the same are visible on the left side, where the tunic is looped up. At the back the woolen tunic, bordered with plush, is draped on the skirt.

The Veronese cuirass is also made in light colors and in flesh tints, with a white lace scarf round the hips; it is most original. The white cuirass should be trimmed with galons of white jet or chenille and silk embroidery; otherwise the effect is too plain. Lastly, these cuirasses are to be made of gold and silver cloth to be worn over tulle and lace skirts for ball dresses.

Some pretty evening dresses are made of fancy gauzes and silk mixed, and some have an admixture of gay colored brocades and broche silks, or embossed velvet. I have seen a very pretty one of very pale pink silk, having at the bottom a quantity of very narrow kilted frills, over which were sugar-loaf shaped pieces of pekin in stripes of pink and gold color. The points of these pieces of silk were placed upwards, reaching to the top of the narrow flounces. The lavenese-shaped tunic was lined with pekin. The square bodice opened in front with revers of pekin, over a plastron covered with tiny kiltings of silk, which simulated a waistcoat. The sleeves, which just reached the elbow, were turned up with a lining of pekin.

A handsome evening dress was of two materials. The underskirt being of pale blue gros-grain, covered with alternate frills of silk and lace, and the train bodice and paniers being of gay pompadour satin trimmed with lace, and at the bottom of the train with three narrow kilted flounces of silk. The bodice had a heart-shaped opening, with revers of blue silk, and the sleeves had also revers of the same.

Among other novelties is the Reynolds coat, in the Louis XVI. style. It is in black damask, and opens widely over a striped grey silk, and black velvet waistcoat, the velvet stripe being embroidered with silver. The revers are black plush, and there is an upright collar round the throat. The revers, which are à la Vendeanne, are made precisely like those on a man's coat with button-holes, and in the button-hole there is either a tuft of lilac or a rose; the necktie, of Alencon lace, falls as a jabot. The coat is made with tails and plush pockets, and a tiny lace handkerchief is tacked in one of the pockets. Another Reynolds coat is made of steel-grey satin, with revers of black and grey embossed velvet, the flowers on the velvet being picked out with gold thread. This coat can be worn with almost any skirt which is simply bordered with a trimming.

But the common brown owl's head is the fashion of the moment for trimming the side of hats, instead of the pompon, which has been so long popular; an owl's head is also fastened to the muff that is worn with the hat.

Three articles of dress are now made to match, and very charming they look—a bonnet, an Incroyable cape, and muff—and they are arranged to be worn with almost any dress. Thus the bonnet is in seal-brown velvet, with a bow or wide Louis XII. galon, either of silver or gold, arranged over another bow of Alencon lace; an owl's head fastened at the back; velvet strings with galon at each side. The muff is seal-brown velvet, lined with fur, and at each side a galon similar to that in the bonnet. The cape is seal-brown velvet, with upright collar; but it does not reach below the shoulder, and is bordered with the same Louis XII. galon.

Seal muffs are now ornamented in the centre with a satin bow and a large bouquet of flowers fastened in the bow.

As many fabrics now enter into a bonnet as into the most elaborate dresses. In many cases the brims differ from the crown, a third fabric is used for trimming, and a fourth for lining the brim. Pure satin ribbons in shot colors are of the soft twilled, yet lustrous, fabric that is also called satin de Lyon. For black bonnets there are jet crowns that are made, it would seem, entirely of jet, as neither thread nor laces are seen—merely the jet surface. Other crowns are made of jet spangles in beautiful new patterns of tile squares. Another novelty is black point d'esprit lace and insertion, in which the points, or dots, are made of tiny jet beads.

Ruby gloves are a novelty brought into vogue by the introduction of gay colors in outdoor costumes. These are dark shades, deeper than wine or garnet colors, and not the glaring red tints that would shock fastidious tastes. They look especially well with black costumes, but will be worn with almost any dark costumes that are trimmed with broche cashmeres of Oriental colors and design.

Wood colors are popular in all the light shades of ash, oak, maple and box. The greatest demand is for plain, simply stitched and bound gloves, with wrists long enough to be fastened by three or four buttons.

New ribbons have feather edges, and another old fashion revived is that of satin edges on repped ribbons.

The long-fleeced fur hats in black and cream color promises to be in great favor during the winter. They are warm-looking, and their soft fur is very becoming; and, moreover, they are so soft and so capriciously shaped that they can be made to suit any face. The brims are very wide, and the crowns are low.

Fireside Chat.

DOLL dressing forms an important feature in one's preparations for Christmas, and a little departure from the old style of costuming them I think will be acceptable to those of my readers who have many little ones to provide for in gift-giving.

For those who may not know how to dress the German baby dolls I give a description. Any size from 3in. or 4in. long to the life-size imitation of baby doll for the purpose, and may, according to the purse of the dresser and that of the probable buyer, be made more or less expensive. *Bona fide* baby dolls are best suited to the purpose, but the ordinary penny doll looks remarkably well if small toys are desired.

Dress your doll in the first instance in a nightgown made with frills to the neck and wrists, a close-fitting frilled cap tied under the chin, made of cambric, crochet, lace, &c.; add a bib, quilted or crocheted, to match. Now prepare a long narrow pillow case of white pique, dimity, or calico, the length once and a half of the doll, and width same as doll lying with the arms close to the body. Cut this pillow in a half circle at the upper end, where the doll's head will lie, leaving the lower end square. Trim the edge of this either all round or but round the upper end half down, and the square end only across with work, crochet, or lace edging slightly fulled. If the doll is large, make a second casing of common calico; if small, one is better, being less bulky. Stuff lightly with feathers of any description, wadding, wool, or rag shreds. Tarlatan, muslin, or any soft white rag shred fine will do. An opening should be left on one side to put in the stuffing. If two cases are made, leave the square end of the upper open, which is then tied together with colored bows to match the color chosen. Now lay your doll on the pillow with the head to the rounded end; turn up the other over the body as far as under the arms, which are laid over it. Take a ribbon of proportionate width to the size of the doll and pillow, find the half, lay it under the pillow, bring it to the upper side, cross it, bring it under again, then up, and tie in a handsome bow with short ends. If the pillow is small, it will require only this much tying according to size. Two or more crossings will be required. Tie narrow ribbon to match in color on the wrists of the dolls, rosettes on the cap. Pink and rose, pale and dark blue are the favorite colors. For a large pillow, the ribbon bandage may be substituted by a D. C. worked band of hard cotton, on which any running patterns in colored wool is worked in cross-stitch. This band is generally used to tie living German babies into their pillows. A short jacket coming to the waist, and tied round with ribbon, made of white dimity, pique, or white flannel, worked in feather-stitch in white Shetland wool, is put on over the little bed-gown, if the doll is large enough to allow the additional bulk.

The negro baby-doll is generally sold with a little white wrapper on, which is, however, best replaced by a homemade one, with scarlet or yellow bows tying up the short sleeves. One of these black babies, put into a white pillow bed as described above, has the most comical effect. Next to these dolls, cradles and bassinettes, for the reception of native baby dolls are a great attraction. Wicker cradles, of all sizes, may be had at wholesale toy shops, and can be furnished with bedding of more or less elaborate make. A long muslin or lace curtain, with bow and end of ribbon, and a pretty worked counterpane, finish these cradles off tastefully. Bassinettes, with rockers, can be made at home very cheaply by using the chip baskets, sold in all sizes, with or without handles. Cut the rockers out of thin board, connect them with a small square board, or one the exact shape and size of the bottom of the basket. Fasten this to the basket with small tacks, or screws, line and cover the basket now with glazed calico of the color you have chosen; make a frilled flounce to tack on the board all round the edge, to cover the rockers. If the basket has a handle, a hood of calico is fastened on to it and round one end of the basket to make the head covering. If no handle is there, one of wicker, cane, or whalebone can easily be put, and the hood fastened on to it. Now trim the whole with plain, spotted, or striped muslin, edged with lace work or frilling. Allow the muslin covering of the hood to pull a little over the front edge, which should be trimmed with lace or work, and loop it back on the top and at each side with ribbon bows or rosettes to match the color of the calico covering. A pretty rosebud chintz—of course a very small pattern—looks very well on a doll's cradle or bassinette, and requires no underneath covering. For covering the bedding, striped cotton ticking or print is the prettiest. The pillow must have a white casing, and is best made rounded at the upper edge, and trimmed round with lace. Two sheets, a little flannel blanket scolloped with wool or silk, or a pretty knitted or crocheted or quilted one complete the little bed. Many odds and ends of calico, roller chints, wool, lace, &c., come in handy for these most saleable and attractive bazaar toys; and most little girls think themselves very lucky if they can buy or win in a raffle these much-coveted articles of dolly's furniture. If the materials are bought at wholesale prices, a very large doll and bed can be produced for $1.25, which, say, with 10c. tickets—which are much the best to have for such things—very quickly cover the cost and a good sum over.

For dressing as Polichinellos or clown dolls, leather or canvas covered dolls are the best; the heads should be china with close-curled hair. Scarlet and black, or white and pale blue are the favorite colors. A mixture of black, yellow, and flame color is also very effective.

Cut out tongues of cloth of the colors chosen, which must be well contrasting, and about 1½in. to 2in. long. Begin to sew these on to the body of the doll on the legs, so as to let the tips of the tongues just fall over the ankles. Sew alternate tongues of each color on both legs, allowing them to lay a little. The object of beginning at the bottom is to allow this to be done easily. If preferred the whole side, leg, body, and arms of the doll can be covered with tongues of one color, and the other with the contrasting. The arms are worked upwards as well. When the whole body to the china neck is covered, finish off with a large plaited collar, edged with lace or work round the neck and shoulders. Frills to match can be added to the wrists and round the ankles. Make a jelly bag cap several inches long, according to the size of your doll, of one or both colors of the cloth you have used. Put a band of tinsel, gold or silver braid round the head, and glue it firmly to the doll's head just over the forehead. The last, and not least, addition is the bells, which should be the small covered brass ones, sold for the purpose of ornamenting baby's rattle sleigh harness. One of these bells is sewn to the point of the cap, and a fringe of smaller ones round the head, and the broad cloth belt confining the waist of the doll is thickly studded with tiny bells, which are also added here and there on the shoulders and along the legs, always, of course, fastened to the end of a cloth tongue. A capital kind of clown doll for very young children can be made by mounting on a handle the kind sold for hand screens; if not home made, the head and neck of a rag doll, or a canvas neck with a china head glued firmly on it. Make a large fluted collar of cloth black, dark, blue or scarlet, notched round the lower edge, and closely drawn to the neck with some lace. Set vandykes of cloth of alternate, or as many colors as you wish, round the notched-out and slightly drawn outer edge, garnishing these at each point or otherwise with tiny bells. Add a cap to match, and the most warlike baby may safely flourish about this arm and legless doll, which combines a rattle as well. Black and colored velveteens are most useful in dressing these dolls, being tough; scraps of scarlet cloth, procured at a military tailor's, as well as black-blue, bright yellow, or any other vivid color, can be utilized.

The South has raised this year 500,000,000 pounds of tobacco, which is 12,000,000 more than she ever raised before.

Answers to Inquirers.

ERIN, (Erie, Pa.)—We have mailed it to you.

J. C. (Evansville, Ark.)—Saltpetre is nitrate of potash, and is very useful in medicine.

A. O. G. (Philadelphia, Pa.)—The translation of "Multum in parvo" is "Much in little."

M. J. (Toledo, O.)—There is no harm in a gentleman taking out his intended for a drive in his own vehicle.

D. R. (Coatesville, Pa.)—A good harness dressing may be made of neats' foot oil, one gallon, and lampblack, four ounces, stirred well together

YOUNG MAN, (Salem, N. J.)—Shy young men are not the worst of young men. Difficult of their powers of affection, they keep at a regular distance.

YOUTH, (Harris, Tex.)—A person must have had a good education and possess a taste for composition in order to devote himself to what you term "light literature."

CHITTENDEN, (Crawford, Pa.)—The poet Pope was born in London in the year 1689, and died in 1744. Milton was born in Bread street, London, in the year 1608, and died in 1674.

DARK-EYED, (Woodford, Ill.)—It is, of course, very improper for a gentleman who is engaged to a lady to pay marked attentions to another; but it is even still more improper for the latter to accept them.

INQUIRER, (Philadelphia, Pa.)—The violin according to your description, must be a very valuable one. A genuine Amati would fetch a good price. But we are quite unable to give you an idea as to its actual value

J. M. (Polk, Ga.)—Strictly speaking, the sea does does not commence until three miles beyond the territorial waters, and even mid-channel is not the sea. Meanwhile, practically, the salt water is sea-water, and the sea begins when the water becomes salt.

W. G. (Vernon, Wis.)—You should ask the lady for an explanation of her coldness and unfriendly conduct towards you. By taking that course, you will probably learn the secret of her changed feelings, and be able to brighten the chain of friendship once more.

STUDENT, (Gettysburg, Pa.)—Incerta pro certis depulsa—"You count the uncertain for the certain"—is the Latin equivalent "wise saw" to our sentence of "counting the chickens before they're hatched," which we derive from the German folk-lore. 2. Parvum parva decent—not decem—is Latin and means "Small things best suit the small."

M. G. (Monroe, Mich.)—In meeting a friend in the street, or in making a formal call, it is not essential that the glove should be removed before shaking hands. Beside the awkward pause in removing a tight-fitting glove, the perspiration of the bare hand is disagreeable, and would soil the other's glove, should the person you happen to meet be a lady

KAWYLIE, (Fabius, N. Y.)—Wanderlied means "traveler's song"—a popular word in Germany, where pedestrian tours were, till recently, the rule both with students at the universities and with mechanics seeking employment. Juvivallera is a mere combination of sounds without peculiar signification, a phonographic utterance as chorus to a very popular drinking song.

MARTHA, (Lincoln, Ga.)—It is hard to cure anybody of the habit of lying after maturity has been reached. That is work to be done in childhood A woman and a wife whose word can't be trusted is certainly an uncomfortable person to have about the house. All you can do is to be on your guard and to set her the example of straightforward dealing and square truth—to give her no excuse for telling lies.

READER, (Philadelphia, Pa.)—We have never known of but one style of wedding-ring—that is a solid, plain gold ring, varying in size or weight according to the means of the buyer. It seems to us that any other kind of ring, except a perfectly plain one, would be exceedingly out of place as a marriage ring. For engagement rings it is different. Chased rings, or those with expensive stones, such as diamonds, pearls, rubies, and other gems, are appropriate.

M. W. (Rhea, Tenn.)—You must get over your morbid sensitiveness, and if you like the man, let him see it, to a degree at least. There is no need of your throwing yourself in his way, but when you do see him, treat him after a frank and friendly fashion. But be careful about imagining that because you are always thinking of a man, or because he has shown sympathy for you, you are uppermost in his mind. Perhaps you are, and if so, he will certainly tell you in time.

ROSIE, (New York, N. Y.)—Wait patiently; you are both young—too young to settle yet Let the young man prove the sincerity of his regard by working and making a home for his future wife, and let her go on dutifully at home and, discharging her duties earnestly and loyally, leave time to work its beneficent changes. Early marriages under such circumstances are seldom happy The man should have made his position before he asks another person to share it.

C. N. (Sumter, Fla.)—Whether or not you will call on the lady is not a question of right or wrong, but simply of judgment If you are offended at what you imagine to be her neglect, and choose to assume that there is no satisfactory explanation of it possible, and condemn her on mere surmise, and without a shadow of proof, and so omit those courtesies which are necessary to retain her acquaintance you can do so, and take the consequences The lady will probably be the gainer by it

S. G. J. (Knox, Ill.)—The lectern or lettern of foreign cathedrals, called also analogium, is commonly made like an eagle, but not always; sometimes it is like a pelican. The wings are spread to hold the desk or book. The bird is merely an ornamental device. The music-stands of cathedrals are often similarly constructed. It is the movable ambo, or reading-desk. The pulpit is merely the old ambo modernized. The ambo was fixed in the centre of the church, and was mounted on both sides (ambo, both.)

B. D. S. (Chautauqua, N. Y.)—It may be altogether wrong to attribute the change in his conduct, of which, perhaps, you exaggerate, to any such cause. When we think and puzzle over the possible effect of words we have used on the person to whom they were addressed, we are very likely to give them an undue importance. How can you be sure, also, that his attentions had any serious meaning? A girl should be on her guard against making a mistake of that sort. Besides, if he was really in love, the possibility of a rival would have spurred him on rather than driven him away.

ALPHA BETA, (Douglass, Minn.)—Platonic love is one of the most recklessly and ignorantly abused of terms, hacked out of the lore of ancient authors That there may be love of that sort that seems to be passionate there can be no question, but we doubt the reality of the pretence when any one claims to be the possessor or object of this form of affection. Passion is often veiled by sentiment, and, when the disguise is stripped off, if not uncommonly proves to be a very very bad specimen which is thus concealed It can very rarely be the fact that this sort of love exists between marriageable persons. The affection is generally a delusion and a snare.

A. B. (Juab, Utah.)—Polygamy was, undoubtedly, the practice of the Old Testament worthies; but it is enjoyed in the New Testament that office-bearers in the church shall be husbands of one wife This is therefore the more excellent way, and experience approves the system. Nations which have practiced polygamy have decayed, while those which adopted the purer and better form of marriage have prospered. It is inconceivable that polygamy should flourish in the presence of that fuller light which characterizes the modern era. If no man can serve two masters, certainly no man can, in any honorable sense, love two women. He may regard them as tributary to his pleasure or, as in the East and in Africa to the dignity of his home; but it is impossible that he can be inspired by that pure affection and respect, that sympathy and unity of sentiment and feeling, which constitutes true love.

AMARYLLIS, (Philadelphia, Pa.)—If your conversation interests young ladies, you will find it out by discovering that they like to have you around, but a young fellow who sets to work to make his conversation agreeable by studying up in advance what he shall say, is pretty sure to be set down by them as a bore, is not a prig. The conversation that will make young ladies respect and like a man is of that unaffected sort that shows he is a pleasant fellow disposed to make himself as entertaining as he can by thinking rather of what will interest them than what will display himself. Young women do not like, and they have good reason not to like, a man who tries to harangue them in his talk, and who is so much occupied in showing himself off that he forgets to observe whether he is entertaining them or not. Out of civility they may tolerate him, but, once he is gone, they give way to their suppressed yawns.